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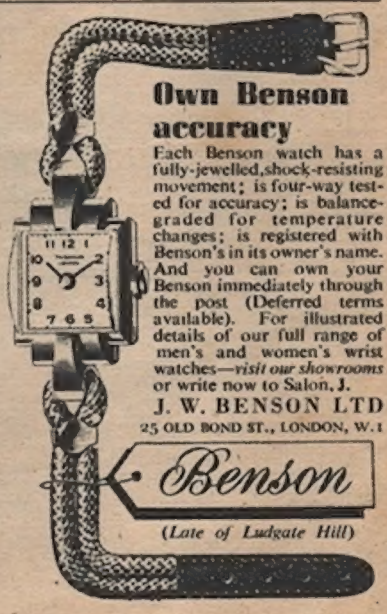

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EDITORIAL

Stop overfishing now to avoid queues later

"IF WE DON'T STOP overfishing, there will soon be no fish left in the North Sea!"

Robert Boothby, M.P., startled the European Assembly at Strasbourg recently by standing up and suddenly saying just that in a loud voice.

Some of the assembled politicians laughed heartily—but those from the seafaring nations did not. They know that fish is the one crop which man can reap without sowing—but that he cannot expect to reap it just as much as he likes.

The amount of fish taken from the seas around Britain by modern methods to feed the vast populations of today is so enormous that even the sea cannot keep up its output!

The best-quality haddock and cod come from the North Sea; and the plaice and turbot and soles. Not only would fish be scarcer but it would become dearer if these supplies stopped. Every family in Britain thus has a direct interest in what goes on beneath the blue-grey surface of the North Sea. And the fact is that far too many fish are being taken out.

In 1948 we took from the North Sea alone 366,000 *tons* of white fish (that is, all fish except herring). Last year the total dwindled to 322,000. The fish were not there.

And 322,000 tons is little more than a third of our total catch, whereas before the war the North Sea supplied one-half.

THE truth is that only the two world wars, by interrupting fishing, saved the fisheries of the North Sea and neighbouring waters from petering out years ago.

Between 1914 and 1918 and again between 1939 and 1945 the fish had a chance to breed and build up their numbers again.

Soon after the first World War, overfishing restarted merrily. Every nation expanded its fleets and increased its appetite. Nothing effective was done to offset this.

But this country, which has the biggest stake in the fishing industry as a source of food, was at least making plans. In 1940, while the world tottered, the Government actually set up a committee to say how the overfishing which followed 1918 could be avoided after the second war. It was one of those quiet acts of confidence in victory which astonished foreigners.

This committee said that there must be agreement among the fishing nations to use larger mesh nets (so as to let young fish go) and to limit the size of their fishing fleets.

In 1946, Britain called an international conference which drew up a North Sea Fishery Convention. This was signed by twelve nations, including besides ourselves Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, France, Iceland, Holland, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Sweden and Spain.

The Convention decreed minimum meshes for nets and minimum sizes of fish to be landed. But the other countries refused to cut their fleets.

There was another snag. Signing the Convention did not mean putting it into practice at once. It also had to be ratified by each Government before it came into force. Some of these Governments were—and still are—in no hurry.

All this time the fish were dwindling and Britain was pressing her neighbours for action. In 1947 we persuaded the Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, French and Portuguese to cut their catches to eighty-five per cent of prewar.

AND that is the one practical step so far taken to save the fish. The other nations hang back. Belgium and Iceland have not yet ratified the Convention, and there is some doubt about Portugal.

In the hope of bringing pressure to bear on the backward countries, British delegates raised the subject at Strasbourg on the initiative of Mr. James Hoy, M.P. It made a good test case of international will to co-operate on something non-political and practical.

The result is not yet known, and indeed there may be no immediate practical result.

But at least the discussion has drawn fresh attention to the seriousness of the problem. As long as greedy, short-sighted people continue to scoop fish out of the sea regardless of how they are affecting the future supply, there will be a danger of a sudden shortage or even stoppage.

The fishing industry itself is even more vitally concerned than the housewife. As fish dwindle in numbers, it becomes more and more difficult to make profitable voyages. There is now a continuous decline in the returns for fishing effort.

So, for every reason, the British Government must throw its full weight behind the Overfishing Convention. Otherwise much of its good work at home in reorganizing the white fishing industry will be wasted.

And housewives will again be standing in fish queues.

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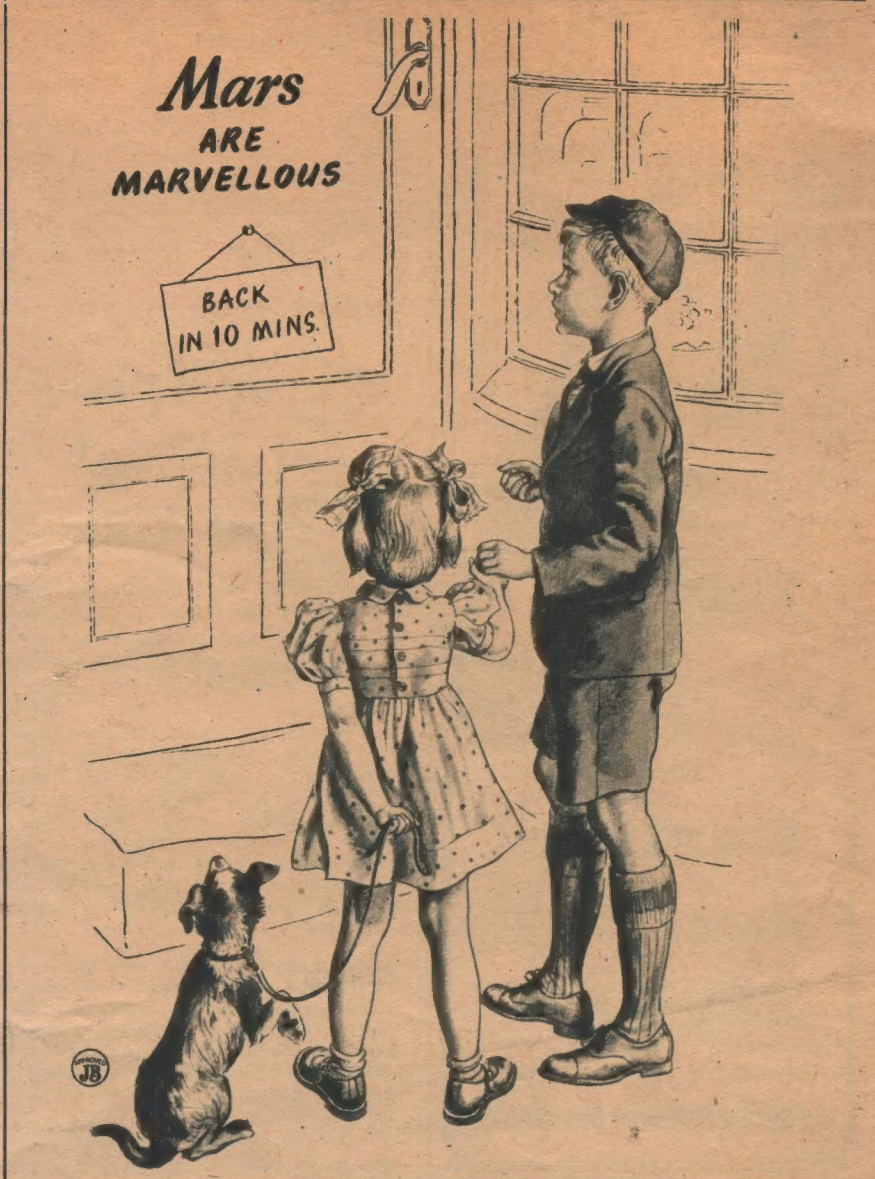

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FREE SPEECH

"Free" place at school cost £30

ALTHOUGH MY DAUGHTER, aged twelve, has won a scholarship to the local grammar school, I am now faced with a bill for over £30 for things I am compelled to buy for her.

These include shoes, raincoat, school bag, dresses, blouses, stockings, beret, blazer, badges; also English and French dictionaries, geometry set, pens, pencils, rubbers, ruler—even ink. Yet this is called a "free scholarship." My daughter already has ample clothes, but they are just not the colour to suit the governors of the school. — PARENT, Yorkshire.

"The local authority has the power to provide a grant towards the cost of school uniform and a headmistress may reduce the clothing list upon request," says the Ministry of Education. "It is unusual for parents to be asked to provide stationery."

Rivers "Closed" To Anglers

FOR MANY YEARS A FRESHWATER angler, I am very disappointed to see the way we are losing our freedom of access to various rivers. For a few pounds a year paid to local farmers many small angling clubs have claimed fishing rights to the exclusion of the general public. This is most noticeable in East Anglia and the Cambridge district. An angling society has just taken over a good stretch of the Little Ouse at Lakenheath. I have fished at Lakenheath for over fifty years, but now the local club has claimed it and will not accept anglers who live out of the district as members.—E. THOMPSON, 250 Colchester Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Background To "The Scarlet Sword"

H. E. BATES'S "THE SCARLET SWORD" promises to be even better than his previous story, *The Jacaranda Tree*, which was also serialized in JOHN BULL. Stationed at the North-West Frontier of India in 1931, I used to go searching for Pathans in the Black Mountains. Here is a snap of one. Incidentally, we always found that the Pathan fighters were very quick on their feet and that they were dead shots with a rifle.—R. P., Carlisle.

"He's a dead shot"

. . . In the announcement of the story behind *The Scarlet Sword* (JOHN BULL, August 19) you mention that the Pathans, eager to throw back the Indian troops flown into Srinagar, swept through the Kashmir Valley and raided a mission. At that time—towards the end of 1947—I was a pilot with an R.A.F. transport squadron, and I flew into Srinagar in the middle of the fighting to evacuate British residents from the city. From the imperturbable nuns and schoolchildren whom we flew out, we heard of the raided mission. Another prospective passenger, a pukka memsahib, turned up with a mountain of luggage but, because she was not allowed to take her dog on board, returned full of self-righteous indignation to face the worst in Srinagar.—F/LT., R.A.F., Yorkshire.

Colour To Match

WHAT SWEEPING STATEMENTS Muriel Segal makes in her article, "What The Colour Doctor Orders" (JOHN BULL, August 19). Surely every individual forms a preference in colours as in everything else—according to his own personality, taste, and, in the case of women, appearance. A redhead myself, I have never been able to stand reds and pinks—because I cannot wear them, I suppose. And my two sons do not conform to the standard Muriel Segal says is prevalent all over the world. The elder, aged eight, chooses red followed by blue, and the younger, aged seven, still picks green for first choice and blue as next favourite. The teenager in our family, a brunette, prefers pink or a really deep red to green—my own choice—and blue. Why? Simply because she looks best in those colours. — MRS. MARY GREENWOOD, 23 South Cantril Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool.

J.B. Covers Brighten The Home

LIKE OTHER READERS, I am sure, we have found good use for the colourful covers of JOHN BULL. My wife fancied one particular cover picture and put it upon the

The Cliftons' idea—a John Bull firescreen

wall. We liked it there so much we now have a dozen on the walls, and with another, Ronald Lampitt's river scene (JOHN BULL, July 15), we made a firescreen by pasting it on plywood.—ERIC CLIFTON, Carisbrooke, Raynes Road, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

. . . After recently re-papering my young son's bedroom I was puzzled to know what to hang on the walls, as he is a little too old for nursery-type pictures. The solution was a series of gay JOHN BULL covers in *passe-partout* frames.—MRS. M. A. FINLAY, 221 Park Road, Warley Wood, Smethwick.

Shopping Time Cut By Half

UNLIKE MRS. M. V. SANDS ("Free Speech," August 19), who says she prefers an assistant behind the counter to the self-service shops, I hope this new method has come to stay. As I am at work during the week, self-service is a boon. I am able to go in, select my needs and pay for them without having to listen to other customers relating their family history to an assistant. I now do my shopping in half the time it used to take—and everything is cleanly wrapped and clearly marked with price and weight. Another great attraction of the self-service method is that there is no "under the counter" nonsense: all goods are displayed, instead of some being reserved for the favoured few. And I have never seen this particular store "practically empty"; judging from remarks I hear, its reputation is growing.—MRS. MINTER, 11 Quadrant Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Estate Has District Heating

AS A TENANT OF THE Woodside Estate at Flixton, Manchester, I was most interested in the second article by Harry Hopkins on "The Homes Of Tomorrow" (JOHN BULL, August 19). Our estate has "district heating" like that which he describes, and I think it is one of the finest things ever invented. There are no grates to clean, no unsightly fire guards, my housework is cut by half and the walls stay cleaner and brighter. Outsiders call us "The Millionaires' Estate" because the average rent for quite a large house is £1 12s. 9d., which includes central heating throughout and constant hot water.—SATISFIED HOUSEWIFE, Flixton, Manchester.

. . . Here in Germany, where practically twenty-five per cent of all homes was destroyed, houses are going up almost overnight. Indeed, whole estates are completed in a matter of a very few weeks. Lack of the exact kind of materials is no deterrent—improvisation and ingenuity are used with what is available. For example, as bricks are short, composition blocks are used which consist for the most part of ground rubble. These blocks, incidentally, save an immense amount of laying time. The working week here knows no bounds; building goes on from early morning until dusk. While quality and a good finish is doubtless sacrificed, speed is recognized as the main essential in alleviating the misery of the homeless. —I. S. PEPPER, Message and Mail Centre, Block 629, Office of the U.K. High Commissioner, Wahnerheide, B.A.O.R., 19.

Club Of The Uninvited

NEWCOMERS ARE CONSTANTLY trickling into this small Midland town and it is sad but only too true that the natives resent the invasion. So we started a small discussion group, the "Strangers' Club," which meets in our house every Thursday night. The group is a great success—among our members so far have been hospital nurses, teachers, a youth leader, a journalist and clerical workers. All kinds of subjects are discussed over a cup of tea. We believe that if our idea spread it would help a great deal towards tolerance and mutual understanding.—J. E. KENNEDY, 8 Dashwood Terrace, Banbury, Oxon.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE boxer is the most sincere and reliable dog you could wish to have as a companion, thinks cover artist Tim. "I have been keeping boxers since 1936," he says, "and never tire of painting them. They seem to have the most expressive face of all dogs—the worry and apprehension of this puppy as the kitten makes a casual approach towards his bone was much too good to go unpainted."

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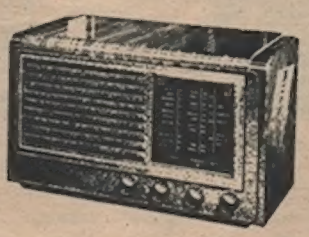

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JACQUES FATH

"When two people . . ."

Those who smoke Craven 'A'

seldom care for other cigarettes

WHEN TWO PEOPLE think exactly alike about anything, it's a kind of minor miracle. When two people think exactly alike about almost everything — then the world's major miracle is about to be born, once again. These likes (and dislikes) are really *us*. More than anything else, they establish our own private, personal, peculiar character! Millions, for example, simply dote on Craven 'A'. Not for a king's ransom would they forgo the clean, firm feel of the *natural* cork-tip, so kind to the lips, or the rare, unvarying flavour of rich tobacco, so kind to the throat.... Certainly not for any other cigarette.

How my story comes to be told

ALTHOUGH it all happened ten years ago, I have never before told the full story of my escape from Occupied France to anyone at all.

The suggestion that I should tell it came from Anthony Richardson, whom I first met when he and a number of other officers forgathered at Ipswich railway station, on August 2, 1940, to welcome me back to my unit after the travels described in this story. In my absence, Richardson had been appointed as adjutant to the squadron I had the honour to command for the first nine months of the war.

As things worked out, we never served together—but I felt that he was very close to the aircrew of that great squadron in mind and heart. He shared their anxieties, their sorrows and their joys in those tremendous days.

So when, all these years after, he urged me to recall my adventures in the escape from France, I think that one of the reasons I allowed myself to be persuaded was that I knew he would understand my story and be able to capture the spirit of the times.

Richardson has related everything that happened to me and brought it to life again exactly as I told it to him. For over four months we worked together for one or two evenings a week, going over every moment of my experiences, checking and re-checking, building up the full picture from my own recollections and from the notes I made in 1940, immediately after my return home. The story is true and correct in every detail, except for the names of non-R.A.F. characters.

Basil Embry

THE EMBRY ESCAPE

John Bull presents the inspiring story of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., now Commander-in-Chief, Fighter Command, R.A.F., narrated by Anthony Richardson

EMBRY DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE. A copy of the posting signal was still in his pocket: "*From H.Q. No. 2 Group to Royal Air Force Station, Wattisham. Wing Commander B. E. Embry is appointed to command R.A.F. Station West Raynham with rank of Acting Group Captain w.e.f. 28/5/40. He is to hand over command of his Squadron to Squadron Leader Acting Wing Commander L. R. Stokes on 27/5/40.*"

He was gratified at the promotion—anyone would be. He realized that it was quite reasonable, that he needed a rest from operational flying. It should be in every sense a relief from the strain of leading a Blenheim bomber squadron into battle against the heaviest odds at any hour of the day. He ought to be glad—but he wasn't!

He had led the squadron out over the forest of D'Hesdin that afternoon and he had returned with an aeroplane full of holes, but with all his crew intact. And there, in his office in number three hangar at Wattisham, Stokes had been waiting for him as he knew he would be. And Oswald Gayford, the station commander, benign and florid, had been there as well. And they'd handed over, with the adjutant prancing about like a cat on hot bricks in the adjoining office with an armful of files and confidential documents, in case the new C.O. wanted any of the "gen."

Embry knew Stokes of old. He could remember his long white face, lank figure and enormous hands as far back as 1934, when they had been in India together. Stokes had once been a farmer, and farmers were traditionally men of integrity and thoroughness. They had to be practical and hardworking to make the land fulfil its promise. And that was what was wanted now. Hard work and common sense and courage. He had no doubt that Stokes had all these virtues. But he still resented parting with the squadron.

Nor was there much comfort to be found still later on in his own room, with all the signs of his coming departure in the morning. The strapped valise and packed uniform case were a reminder of the end of a phase. He'd have liked the opportunity for one last crack at the Hun to show Stokes the way it went. But it wouldn't go that way and he knew it. So he went to bed. The squadron was handed over. Or was it?

The following morning, May 27, was bright and clear. It was expected that, in view of the change-over of command and the great activities of the squadron during the last two months, it would be rested for that day, and the sister squadron would stand-to alone. But during the morning the signal came through from Group that a general stand-to was ordered, due to the rapidity of the enemy's advance towards Calais.

It was quiet and calm in all that countryside around the aerodrome. In the neighbouring fields labourers worked peacefully; down the Suffolk lanes farm carts trundled, and away behind a distant wind-break would sound the

familiar barking of a dog. It was the strangest thought that forty minutes in the sky could bring a man into deadly conflict above the blood-stained cornfields of France. But those were the kind of soft thoughts for the "ground-lubbers," as Stokes called them, since his mind was bent on the signal that had come through at nine o'clock on the "tie-line." *"Headquarters No. 2 Group. The following squadrons are to stand by to attack advancing enemy columns of all arms in the district of St. Omer. . . ."*

Embry's mind, too, was concerned with the signal. He didn't allow it to concern him for long. He said to Stokes: "That's just as it should be. I'll have time to do this last job and get to Raynham on time as well. So I'll brief the chaps, and then we'll just wait for the whistle to go. And after it's all over, then I'll really say goodbye."

Close Formation At All Costs

Embry briefed his squadron for the last time. He described the nature of the target and how they would go about their business, and he emphasized with his customary incisiveness the absolute necessity of keeping close formation, and at all costs of following him completely in any and every evolution. This all-important point he repeated.

At four o'clock the squadron of twelve aircraft took off in two flights, formated in "vic" formations with Stokes flying at the apex of the second "vic" immediately behind Embry's "box" of three. The aircraft were Blenheim Mark IV, and each carried a crew of pilot, navigator/bomb-aimer and wireless operator/air gunner. The navigator, who also released the bombs after guiding the aircraft over its target, occupied a space ahead and on the right of the pilot. The air gunner sat in a Bristol power-operated turret amidships over the fuselage. The bomb-load was four bombs to each aeroplane.

The squadron routed out over Kent and flew across the Channel. The English fields and hedgerows slumbered in the late afternoon sun, far behind. Ahead, over the gradually approaching enemy coastline, hung a sinister pall of smoke. The whistle had sounded. As they crossed the coast, Calais lay 6,000 feet below. Embry could see the sunken ships in the harbour, while part of the town was already in flames. With Pilot Officer Tom Whiting as his navigator and Corporal Lang as his air-gunner, he flew on, straight and level.

"Keep Your Eyes Skinned"

The old exhilaration was still there. Behind him, close-packed, his squadron followed him. Below, the stricken countryside wheeled beneath his wing. Very soon now the area pinpointed in the briefing-room should be drawing near. He called to Whiting on the "inter-comm."

"How are we doing, Tom?"

"Okay. Fine."

"Are we coming along?"

"Getting nearer."

Whiting called him back. "We're over the area now."

"Keep your eyes skinned."

Embry peered over the side through the bulge in the Perspex. Somewhere, 6,000 feet below, German columns were moving. At sections down their route the mobile anti-aircraft guns would be covering the advance. Then, with the target picked up, the responsibility of bombing would be his. Tom called again on the "inter-comm": "Dust cloud to port. There's a wood."

Embry stared out again on his port side. Beneath was a dark green patch of a wood and a road running through it. A very white road contrasted with the heavy green of the trees under the bright May evening sun, and there was dust rising from it, drifting over the fringe of the foliage till it formed a low semi-transparent cloud over the green fields beyond. Then he saw, through the mist of dust, a brown square speck, and then another. Seconds later the head of a transport column crawled out from the edge of the grey cloud. He called to Tom: "This is it."

Tom was lying on his stomach, his hands and eyes at his bombsight. He raised his left hand in recognition of the message. He was too intent to talk. Embry settled deeper into his seat. It was up to Tom now. He glanced over his shoulder, first left, then right. They were there. And immediately behind them Stokes was tucked in, just twenty feet below his own tail. And behind Stokes were the rest of them, and every man-jack of them one of his. He hadn't left them yet.

"Stand by for bombing." Tom again. Embry peered out. The target was clearly visible. Excellent. Now for the run in. He called through to the squadron racing at his heels: "Stand by for bombing." Tom would have got the target on the drift-lines of his bombsight by now. Embry called up his gunner: "Captain to gunner. You okay?"

"Fine, sir." And then Tom, once more: "Stand by for bombing run." Any moment now. Embry settled into his seat. Pressing against the small sheet of armour plate was reassuring. Merely a habit, quite silly. And then on the "inter-comm": "A little to starboard . . . hold it . . . steady."

Embry (right) returns from a raid. One day he did not come back . . .

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY A RETIRED R.A.F. OFFICER TO HIS SON, NOW SERVING:

". . . When you go before the Air Crew Selection Board, as you tell me you are shortly going to do—and as an old-timer and your father, I wish you all the luck in the world—remember there's one thing the R.A.F. are exceptionally keen on. And that is ingenuity and alertness of mind on all and every occasion. It's one of the things that the Service demands by the very nature of its work. To be able to act at a second's notice without hesitation.

"It's easy enough to be quick-witted in your mess or in the local, but when you're in danger and your life is at stake, it's a very different matter. It's then that the test is really made. And the officers who examine you will be looking for that kind of mind.

"The type of mind like Basil Embry's, the man who in great jeopardy made his immortal and unique odyssey through enemy-occupied France in 1940. One man against the world, alone, plunged at a moment's notice into direst peril, and who by his wit and courage made, on his own initiative, his ten weeks' journey from France to Spain, and finally to England, to fight again. I will tell you that fine story one day, meanwhile. . . ."

Wounded—"A Red-hot Needle"

There was a thumping sensation in the neighbouring air. He glanced out. Ahead, three black ugly patches of smoke knotted and curled into the sky. "Take her to port—*port* . . . hold it. . . ." Thump. And then thud again. And quickly on top of it, another. Then suddenly the wind whipping into his face, as the side window was blown in. Too close altogether.

When he'd got back and was making his "quick report" to Intelligence, he'd describe the opposing fire as "moderately intense." And accurate. For a mobile column, very accurate. Something was hurting his leg. The tip of a red-hot needle. "Steady . . . hold it . . . fine." A second's pause, and then the long-drawn shout: "Bombs . . . *off*!"

He felt the aircraft kick as its load fell from it, and then he swung the control column delicately to swerve to port, to circle the wheel away. And so for home. He called to his gunner: "All right?"

"Okay, sir. They're all here, sir. All tight on us."

"Good lads."

The air around them was vibrant. He could only just hear. He must remember to tell Stokes before he left to help him to follow up Corporal Lang's future movements, when they'd screened him. When he himself came back for his second tour in six months' time or so, he'd have Lang back in his crew. And Tom Whiting, of course. The sky around him was like a stormy sea. Somebody was banging a vast pair of clappers just to his right. He could feel his aircraft shy away from the blast, as a colt would shy at a gunshot. Well, any minute now, and they would be out of range.

And then the aeroplane bucked like a sun-bellying broncho. It was as if it had received a punch in the solar-plexus. A swift, destroying, winding punch, doubling his body up in sudden anguish and helplessness. He knew immediately that they had received a direct hit amidships plumb under the gunner's turret. The aircraft lifted its nose and began to climb. He shouted down his "inter-comm." There was no reply. The control column went slack, limp, useless in his hands. He was still climbing steadily. He was out of control.

A Tornado, But No Fire Yet

Tom was still on his belly, his eyes glued to the ground reeling beneath him. He was signalling with his right hand frantically. More and more frantically. Embry shouted. Tom signalled again, hearing nothing. It seemed there was a tornado raging in the Blenheim, but no fire—yet. "What sort of a half-wit does he think I am?" said Embry. He snatched off his tin hat and flung it at Tom's back. It hit him between the shoulders. He rolled over, an expression of amazement on his face.

Embry gestured towards the control column, flung up his hands, shouted to no purpose, and made his gesture of helplessness, and then, with a jabbing forefinger, indicated the escape-hatch at Tom's side. Tom grinned as if there was something funny about it all, and then he groped for his parachute hung behind him. The aircraft stalled and slowly turned on its side. Its nose went down.

The hatch had been jettisoned by now, and Tom was peering out. Embry got up, staggered and clutched his way the few feet forward. Then he put his right foot against Tom's bottom and Tom went head first through the hatch. There was time to clamber back and look along the

ILLUSTRATED BY NARRAWAY

General Guderian glanced behind as Embry shivered in the east wind. Without a word he threw his greatcoat into the captured airman's lap

fuselage to the gun-turret. The air-gunner lay huddled across his controls. There would be no need now to argue the future fate of Corporal Lang.

Embry went forward again. The Blenheim was in a slow spiral spin, circling towards the ground. He knelt by the open hatch. Somewhere outside, clear of this falling death-trap, was Tom. Perhaps his bottom was sore. Embry went out head first, counted "three," and pulled his rip-cord.

He was floating in the air. There wasn't anything like a wounded aeroplane nearby, and he wasn't trying to claw his way to safety. If he remembered rightly it was Tubby's brand-new aeroplane that he'd borrowed. What a thing: he swung gently, blissfully. It was like waking to warm, sweet sunlight after a noisome nightmare. Swing on, swing down. Perfectly peaceful.

Then he heard the low growl of battle beneath him. It was like awakening from a dream within a dream and back into reality. He gazed down. The ground was slowly coming up. Then he saw his own falling aircraft. It hit the ground about half a mile away. It stood perched on its nose for a second. Then there was a sudden red glow. A vast and oily cloud of smoke enveloped it. The red turned to yellow, with crimson glowing behind it. He looked away.

Below was a road and the roofs of German transport. He could see the camouflage markings by now. He spilt some of the wind from his parachute, tugging at the support chords. He swung gently to the right, drifted across the head of the column, and the next moment rolled over in the close-cropped grass of a field, 300 yards away. A turn of the wrist and he was free of his parachute. He slipped off his flying kit, scrambled to his feet, ran swiftly to the neighbouring hedge and, panting, flung himself beneath its scanty shelter. His parachute lay like a giant's crumpled handkerchief carelessly discarded in a field.

Five thousand feet above and several miles away, Wing Commander L. R. Stokes, with two of his crews lost, gathered his brothers round him in mid-sky, fought off the swarming German fighters and led the remnant of his squadron safely home. The hand-over was complete. . . .

The German Search Begins

The ditch by the hedge was shallow, the hedge itself low, and though spring was upon it, twig and leaf was sparse. Immediately beyond lay a rough track running off at right angles from the main road, where the German convoys still rumbled relentlessly forward. Peering through a gap, Embry saw fleetingly a distant group of farm buildings to his left, what appeared to be a group of peasants near its outer fencing, and beyond, high corn. Fleeting enough the glance, because almost immediately sounded the moan and growl of a heavy motor cycle combination in low gear approaching down the track.

It was a German motor cycle combination, driven by one young German soldier with another in the side-car. Their automatic rifles were slung across their shoulders. The combination groaned and rattled along the ruts of the tracks, and as it passed, the occupant of the side-car turned his head and looked straight in Embry's direction, where he crouched on the far side of the hedge. And it seemed to Embry that they stared directly and unmistakably into each other's eyes, and the leafy barrier between them was no more than a veil of gauze. But the pair passed, as his reason had told him they would.

The German combination had passed, but the ditch and the hedge were insufficient cover for a man in a wing commander's uniform of the Royal Air Force, with a discarded parachute and flying kit barely 100 yards away. He scrambled through the hedge. Distantly the noise of battle continued. He could see the farm clearly now. A small grey building, with a small barn and an outhouse. A hiding place? And then he saw again the group of peasants, three men and two women, huddled together by the fence. In the open country he could at least run, but four enclosing walls could make a prison, should there be any intention of betrayal. He crossed the track and made his way swiftly and boldly towards the group.

They were chattering and gesticulating among themselves, but at the sight of him they fell into startled silence, and their hands dropped to their sides. There was sullen suspicion on their faces. A man with a grizzled grey beard spat upon the ground and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His two companions, in almost one simultaneous movement, thrust their fists truculently into their trouser pockets. One of the women edged behind the older man.

"*Les Allemands,*" said Embry. "They are all around?" He gesticulated, a circling movement of an arm. The members of the group stared at one another, bewildered, frowning, suspicious. The woman in the rear whimpered. He tried again: "*Ou sont les Allemands? Ici? Là?*" He

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A very able man

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Dan had two pretty secretaries and a fine new office. I ground my teeth with rage and envy

I'VE WORKED HARD all my life. I've lived carefully. I've tried to follow all the principles my parents laid down for me when I was small—dogged does it, remember the hare and tortoise, try, try again, hard work and regular habits, take care of the pence, do as you would be done by, start at the bottom and work your way up, you can't keep a good man down, don't try to run before you can walk, early to bed and early to rise, live within your income and put by for a rainy day, stick it and you'll get there. . . .

I *have* stuck it, and I *haven't* got there. And Dan Freeman *has*. That's what's so unfair.

I don't want to do Dan an injustice. We're very good friends, in spite of everything. Sir Daniel Freeman, with half the alphabet after his name, is a pillar of public life, and I've no business to criticize him. He is one of the few really rich men left in the year 1950, and happy with it. He is known, respected and liked by everyone, from the Cabinet down to his charwoman. He is success personified.

And yet—the thought maddens me—he is almost everything I was brought up not to be. We were at school together, Dan and I. Dan was never particularly good at either lessons or games: he never took them seriously enough. He was an abnormally untidy boy, always losing things.

"Be a sport and lend me your rugger shorts, Arthur," he'd say. "I've left mine somewhere." Other boys kept their kit stored under lock and key, but there was always an expansive carelessness about Dan.

"Be a sport and do my lines for me, old man. Only three hundred. I promised Blandon I'd give him a game of fives, and I simply haven't time to do them. Old Gartside won't recognize your writing. Tell you what—I'll pay you a shilling for them. I haven't any dough on me, but remind me tomorrow. . . ."

After all these years, I am beginning to understand Dan's methods. He had an infinite talent for making other people do things for him.

I remember, too, going out with Dan and the whole form on a cross-country run. The course was about three miles long. We were about fourteen at the time. Neither of us was very athletic, and we soon straggled behind the first six or seven runners. When we got to Hunter's Copse, Dan stopped and sat down on the grass.

"Poof! I say, this isn't much fun, is it?" he panted. "Let's go into the wood and pick blackberries! We'll say we got lost."

Guiltily I followed his initiative. We ate something like a quarter of a pound of blackberries each. Then Dan produced two squashed cigarettes, and we smoked them with concentrated gravity. He had brought sweets, too; he believed in doing everything comfortably. It was pleasant

The more you ask the more you get; less work, more pay; never put yourself out. . . . That was Dan's shameful philosophy. And, sad to say, it worked!

there in the woods, enormously peaceful; we chased the white scut of a baby rabbit; we dammed a streamlet with mud, and carved our initials on a tree.

Presently I said: "Come on, Dan. We'll be last home at this rate."

It was then that we realized that we didn't know where we were. We were lost.

Dan pointed decisively: "I'm sure we came *that* way."

Once again I nervously followed his leadership. Soon we were at the fringe of the wood. Suddenly Dan pulled me back into cover as a grubby perspiring boy pounded across our path in singlet and shorts, followed by another boy.

"That's Frankson," Dan whispered incredulously. "He was leading! We must have left out half the course."

We had.

"Better let a few more go by," Dan muttered. "It won't do to come in third and fourth. They'd smell a rat."

We cantered home comfortably, tenth and eleventh respectively. Nobody asked any questions. The incident should have taught me another thing about Dan: his careless instinct for taking short cuts.

Life at school now became pretty earnest. Both Dan and I got through School Certificate: I worked like a Trojan, and managed to scrape five credits. Dan skimmed through his set books during the last term; he got five credits and a distinction in French. Of course, the Freemans had a French maid, which might have helped a bit; but I confess I felt a little bitter about Dan's success. He'd hardly tried, really; and he wasn't particularly clever. It was—what was it? Yes! Now I knew. It was simply that he didn't *care* whether he passed examinations or not.

DAN went in for everything like that. For him, it was like putting two bob on a horse, or playing cards for matchsticks: it didn't worry him whether he won or lost. He was relaxed. It was because he didn't care that he won. Whereas I—I put all I'd got into it. I was on hot bricks. I was dead set on moving up into the sixth form at once, and being made a prefect, and all the rest of it. I had my life all planned out: school—university—civil service or business. . . .

In the end we went up to Oxford together.

I had my share of jollification, certainly, but—though I don't think anyone could call me a swot—I did keep my nose rather grimly to the grindstone. I went to lectures (Dan never did) and put in a good deal of time at libraries. I was determined to get a First in my Finals.

For a few terms Dan and I drifted apart; but wherever I went, I was astonished at Dan's popularity. Dan knew everybody. Everybody knew Dan. Occasionally he would rush round to my rooms the night before he was due to see his tutor, and have a look at my weekly essay. Somehow he would memorize the main points and then, damn him, he'd bury himself all night with two quarts of ale and write a better, fresher essay than mine.

In those days undergraduates were forbidden to go into pubs. This made pubbing a glorious adventure. There was always a delectable risk of being raided by proctors. I recall very clearly one evening at the Blue Pig. Dan and I and two other undergraduates were in the saloon drinking with some townspeople. None of us was wearing a gown.

Suddenly there was a yelp of "Progs!" from the public bar. I and the other two undergrads made a dive for the back door, and fell right into the arms of two hard-bitten little men in bowler hats—the proctor's bulldogs. Dan seemed not to notice anything: he stayed at the bar talking to his townee friends without batting an eyelid. The rest of us faced the proctor, who went through the usual grave performance of raising his mortarboard to us: "Good evening, sir. Are you a member of the university?" Names and colleges were taken, summonses issued. When it was all over we stood outside in the street, feeling rather foolish, and wondering how to raise a pound for the fine.

Presently Dan strolled out and joined us.

"Did they get you, Dan?" we asked eagerly.

"No. I just stayed put. They thought I was a townee."

That was Dan all over. Too lazy to move. Melting into the background like a chameleon. Of course, he was right. But it was so typical.

So life went on for three happy years. In his last term Dan bought someone else's lecture notes

"Let a few more go by," Dan said. "It won't do to come in third and fourth"

secondhand, mugged them up, and scraped a Pass degree. I overworked badly, and landed a Second.

Within three months I had found a job in London. It was only £4 a week, but I had made a start. Dan, I heard, wasn't doing so well. At the end of two years he had had seven different jobs.

He had begun by selling insurance. He had accumulated an enormous number of friends at Oxford, but when he had sold each of them a policy, his enthusiasm began to peter out. He was eventually sacked for sleeping at his desk in the office. He spent a few weeks with another insurance company, who sacked him for charging too much expenses. And then he had jobs with two soap firms in quick succession.

THERE was a slump period just before the war. Several months went by. Beneath Dan's outward magnificence I detected a desperate anxiety. I was sorry for him: he was learning his lesson at last, I thought. The time was drawing near when he would have to seek a humdrum job, take off his jacket and work hard. I won't deny that I felt a certain grim satisfaction at seeing him forced to toe the line for once.

In the end, largely to protect myself from further loans, I offered to help him.

"We're reorganizing at Emmett and Goslings," I told him. "Business isn't so hot, you know, and we're taking on more travellers to boost our sales. It's only a fiver a week, but——"

Dan put his head on one side and regarded me pensively. "It's awfully good of you, old man. I was wondering——"

"I'll give you an introduction to Mackinlay, our sales manager," I said.

"M'yes. I suppose you couldn't get me in to see Lord Gosling himself?"

I was rather put out. "I'm afraid not," I said shortly. "Lord Gosling only sees high executives."

"I see. . . . Well, thanks awfully, old man. I do appreciate it."

I fixed a date for him to see Mackinlay. I don't know what they said to each other, but Dan rang up next day with triumph in his voice.

"Well, old boy, I'm in!"

"Good for you, Dan," I said heartily. "When do you start?"

"Next month. I told Gosling I'd need three weeks' holiday first. He was decent enough to advance me a month's salary."

"You———" I gasped. "You saw Lord Gosling?" I myself had seen his lordship on only four occasions during the whole of my time at Emmett and Goslings.

"Oh, yes, old man. I knew as soon as I'd had five minutes with Mackinlay that selling wasn't my line. Then he wanted me to do some wretched kind of clerking job. Sheer grind. I told him I was no good at figures. I said I simply wasn't interested, and if that was all he could offer me——" Dan sniffed. "A small-minded man, Mackinlay. Thinks about £ s. d. all the time. But Gosling's a pretty good sort, you know. We both play golf at Sandfields—know each other well by sight——"

I hung up, unable to trust myself to speak. I afterwards heard that Dan had lounged his lazy way into Gosling's respect by talking about golf and fishing. He had also given him a seven-and-sixpenny cigar. He had finally asked Gosling's secretary to ring for a taxi when he took his departure. All this appeared to impress Gosling deeply.

I was dumbfounded by Dan's cool impudence. But my biggest shock came the following month. Lord Gosling summoned me to his office, which resembled a Restoration boudoir. With him was Dan, resplendent in a new suit.

"Oh, Johnson," his lordship said pleasantly as I came in. "This is Mr. Freeman, who is taking over the Export Department. I want you to help him all you can."

SPEECHLESS with surprise, I shook hands with Dan as if I had never seen him before. This, I saw, was another of Dan's short cuts. Lord Gosling put an affectionate hand on Dan's shoulder: "Johnson's experience will be invaluable to you, I'm sure. He'll be your right-hand man." His lordship beamed from one to the other of us. "Well, I'll leave you two to get acquainted. . . . I'll be seeing you on the links tomorrow morning, Freeman?" He propelled us to the door and closed it.

Dan showed me into his new office. I ground my teeth with rage and envy. It was easily the finest room in the building except Lord Gosling's. Wth mounting astonishment I noted that Dan had two secretaries, both extremely pretty, and a private filing clerk. (It had taken *me* four years to rise to *one* secretary.) He also had a thick carpet on his floor, a privilege usually reserved for directors. His desk was completely bare except for five telephones, a spotless blotting pad and a bowl of flowers. There were two podgy

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Annette Mills, television's first star

by ELKAN ALLAN

As the Boomps-a-Daisy girl, Annette Mills, sister of John, became the toast of Paris. As the mistress of that lovable puppet Muffin the Mule, she's today voted the belle of the television screen

Annette Mills and her film star brother John. Her childhood was lonely until John was born

JANET, AGED FIVE AND A HALF, wrote a letter: "Dear Annette Mills, Please will you teach me how to fly like Alfie? Then I can teach Valerie or Pauline but not Kenny because they will say he is a sissy. I think your programme is lovely." Like every other child whose home has a television set, Janet is a fan of television's first star, Annette Mills, who uses the top of a grand piano as a stage for Alfie the Gnome (his flying secret is trick photography) and Muffin, the most famous mule in Britain.

Every week an average of more than 100 letters of this sort come through the letter-box of the bright yellow door of Annette Mills's home in Highgate Village, North London. They are the highest reward for the short, comely, blonde-haired woman whose clear, blue eyes remind you of someone you have seen before.

Muffin—Big-business Mule

Many of the letters are addressed to "Muffin the Mule," the nine-inch, black-and-white spotted puppet with twelve strings and a more human than animal behaviour, who appears with Annette on many of her television programmes. Muffin ties with eighty-year-old ghost-story-teller Algernon Blackwood as the most viewed person in television. A whole industry has sprung up around the puppet: manufacturers of toys, bedroom slippers, transfers, balloons and jewellery have been licensed by the "Muffin Syndicate" to make Muffin novelties. The syndicate consists of Annette and puppeteer Ann Hogarth, who pulls the strings which make Muffin live. In addition, there are story-books, gramophone records, and even films featuring him. He appeared on the stage in a Christmas show last year, and to cope with all the autographs he is asked for, he has had a rubber stamp made of his hoof-mark.

At that, Muffin is merely the chief of a menagerie of animals who visit Annette on the top of her piano. Her programmes, which last a quarter of an hour, begin with a new song and dance by Muffin; then he introduces his friends (including such semi-humans as Wally the Gog—a golliwog—and Samuel the Scarecrow). The puppets' strings are cunningly hidden by a striped background, and their antics are so clever that, most of the time, even sophisticated viewers forget they are manipulated.

Each puppet has its own distinct personality: Muffin is rather a show-off and very pleased with himself; Louise the Lamb is a blushing flapper; Peregrine Penguin, Esq., is a fearsome old bird with a heart of gold. They each have their own songs and dances and a variety of props, including miniature bathtubs, armchairs, suitcases and foodstuffs. Annette's rôle in the show is to play the piano, sing their songs, and pass on what they are saying.

She writes the script as well, and composes a new song and dance routine for every performance. It is fortunate she has a good memory, for once, during a special telecast from the Zoo Pet's Corner, a goat performed the classic joke of eating her script. Annette managed to finish the show without a hitch.

Muffin the Mule (he signs autographs with his hoof) with Annette and puppeteer Ann Hogarth

About Annette Mills, *The Listener's* television critic, Harold Hobson, wrote: "She is the only television performer I know who succeeds in creating the illusion that the camera is a real live spectator between whom and herself waves of sympathetic appreciation can be established." She won the Television Society's Silver Medal as 1949's outstanding personality and a special cup as the best television artist.

The excellence of her television performance is due to a combination of talents and the half a dozen careers she has made in her life. She was training to be a concert pianist until she could not resist the dancing academy next door to her music master's. There she learned to become a very successful exhibition dancer—after the Astaires, she and her partner ranked as one of the highest-paid pairs in the world. When she broke a leg in a misjudged stage jump, she started writing scripts and songs for Beatrice Lillie, Frances Day, Cicely Courtneidge and other stars. Then she composed some hit songs and became a stage and cabaret star all over again singing them.

Besides revealing the fruits of all these labours, the television camera showed she had a photogenic face: it must run in her family, because that someone else of whom her eyes remind you is her brother, John Mills, the film star.

She Refused To Die

She is a determined and courageous woman, as was demonstrated by her almost miraculous recovery from a crippling road accident and three years in hospital, from 1943 to 1946. It happened at night when her car hit an unlit lorry at full tilt. She lay unconscious in the snow for an hour and a half with her hands, arms and a leg crushed. When help finally arrived she was taken to hospital, and "put in a corner to pass out," as she wryly remembers. Instead—to the doctors' surprise—she lived.

Slowly, through agonizing pain, she began to get well; during the three years she lay in plaster, the surgeons made countless operations to try and put her body together again. "They wanted to amputate my legs, but I wouldn't let them. They wanted to cut off two of my fingers from my left hand because they said they would be stiff and worse than useless, but I said no," she recalls, kicking her legs a little and wriggling the fingers of her hand.

"I believe there is more in medicine than looking through microscopes and using a surgeon's knife. I *believed* that my body could get well." With outward unconcern, she points to the long scars on her calves where some shin-bone was removed. Then, holding up her arm, she says: "That's where you can see the three bolts holding it, and here, across my thigh, is where another bone has been bolted." Because of the accident she has a pain in her right arm which never leaves her and which makes her hand

Annette's stage is the top of a grand piano, her props simple toys. Here she is with glove puppet Prudence Kitten, who sports a wardrobe of nine dresses

feel as though it were always full of broken glass. One of her legs is shorter than the other—"I can dance better than I can walk, because I can allow for it in dancing."

Her comeback in show business was not easy. Before the crash she had written "Boomps-a-Daisy." Recalling that success, she says: "I sat for two weeks with the manuscript outside the office of Lawrence Wright." He is the No. 1 publisher of novelty music. "He saw me at last only because Christopher Stone took pity on me and shepherded me in. When I got inside and told Lawrence Wright I had written a dance for people who couldn't dance, he pricked up his ears. And when he heard it and danced it he told me to pack my bags right away, as I was going to Blackpool with him to launch it the next day! We were worried at first that it would not get on the wireless because the B.B.C. would ban bumping behinds as indecent, but I had the brainwave of turning it into a Victorian song, so that only bustles were bumped: that passed the B.B.C. censor all right.

"Then the war started and I went to Paris to entertain the troops. At every performance I invited a French soldier on to the stage to teach him 'Boomps-a-Daisy'; the audience's biggest laugh was one night when I had a stiff cavalry officer up there. *'Les mains*—the hands,' I said. We touched hands. *'Les genoux*—the knees.' That was all right. Then I came to *'La boomp,'* as I delicately put it. He stood there, uncomprehending. *'La boomp, la boomp,'* I repeated desperately, flourishing my bustle at him. The audience was laughing. *'La boomp!'* I cried again. 'Oh!' he said, understanding lighting up his eyes—and he gave a tremendous smack with his hand!" Noël Coward wired home to John Mills: *"Your sister the toast of Paris."* She was on the last civilian plane home before Paris fell.

Today, although she rarely sleeps properly for the pain in her leg and hands, she is a normal, attractive, vivacious woman, top of the tree again. On the proceeds of Muffin and her other television shows she has bought "the house of my dreams" in a quiet grove on the next hill to television's headquarters, Alexandra Palace. With her lives her secretary-cum-stand-in, Doris Hall, and Annette's daughter Molly, always called "Bud." Bud is the Muffin Syndicate's official illustrator, and has drawn the famous mule thousands of times.

Kitten Who Wipes Her Nose

In addition to her Muffin activities, Annette has a television programme with a puppet of her own, Prudence Kitten, a sweet little grey animal with a wardrobe of nine dresses, including two copied from Annette's Paris models. Prudence fits over Annette's right hand, the one that feels like broken glass. In the show, Prudence plays duets on the virginal, a sort of miniature piano.

It is hard not to believe that Prudence has a separate life of her own. She bobs about, interrupting the conversation and stealing all the limelight. Her cleverest trick is taking a tiny handkerchief out of her pocket, wiping her nose, and putting it back again. Annette is content to play second-fiddle to her creation, and says: "The night I showed her to my brother, Johnny, he missed three important script appointments. He was transported to our childhood, when we had a glove puppet bear, Teddy. Teddy constantly had to have new noses and paws from poking his nose in our porridge."

Her own childhood was lonely until Johnny was born. Her father was a headmaster and her mother was one of the first women private secretaries and was employed by Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the Maxim gun. Little Annette hated the boarding school she was sent to, and one day, when she and another girl were allowed to go shopping, she ran away from her companion and jumped on a homebound train.

The timidity of her own youth has helped her to understand how to bridge the gap through the television screen with many a shy child whose best friend is Muffin the Mule. They send him presents of carrots, some manufactured in paper and others real. One little boy shamefacedly apologized for having eaten half of his gift, but he had missed his tea. There is a constant stream of pilgrims who wish to see the potting shed where Muffin is supposed to sleep in a four-poster bed, a copy of Annette's own. Actually Muffin lives with his animator, Ann Hogarth, and the man who carves most of the puppets, her husband, Jan Bussell.

The mule was originally part of a puppet circus team with a clown, and Annette first met them four years ago when she was looking for puppets to perform on the natural stage made by the lid of her piano. She called them Crumpet the Clown and Muffin the Mule. Poor Crumpet, having too many stripes for the television camera, has gone back to the circus, while Muffin has soared to stardom.

Now American televisers are dickering for Muffin's services, but even if Annette and Ann do go with him to visit America, they promise to leave behind a plentiful supply of Muffin films to be screened on television while they are away. For this guarantee British manufacturers of television sets are grateful. As long as Muffin is there, it seems, the children—and their parents—will be happy. THE END

CAN WE DEFEND THE WEST? by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

I tap German views

What do French and Belgian leaders think about reviving German military might? And what do the Germans feel? Touring the Continent, Liddell Hart talked to leaders on both sides. He sums up in this third John Bull article

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUDS that overhang Western Europe is the improvement that has recently taken place in relations between the French and Germans. The "Schuman Plan" plays the part both of parent and child in their fresh and happier development. It is remarkable to see how long-standing enmity is giving way to a sense of European communion.

Only experts can attempt to assess the economic value of this Plan for joint control of the French and German coal and steel industries. What leads the great majority to welcome this proposed industrial union is an appreciation of its value as a step towards Franco-German political union, or at least a means to bridge the longstanding gulf between the two countries. Even those who are dubious about its economic result regard this as far outweighed by the political and psychological benefit.

This welcoming attitude is the outward and visible sign of a potentially epoch-making change in the French attitude towards the Germans, and registers the growth of a feeling of mutual dependence—that the two peoples stand or fall together.

At the same time, I found a very marked unwillingness in France to face the logical extension of the Plan's political implications—that the economic association of the two peoples should be accompanied by their association in mutual defence against the obvious threat of invasion that hangs over them both.

Fear Of Precipitating An Attack

In military quarters there was more disposition to consider this, but it was here that I also found the clearest definition of the arguments against rearming the Germans to reinforce the defence of the West.

The first is the French people's deep-seated distrust of the Germans, their fear as to what line the Germans would take once they were armed again, and the way that this fear would hinder any such rapid and adequate rearmament as might be requisite in a practical sense. A second argument is: "Any attempt to rearm the Germans is likely to prove a *casus belli*, and precipitate a Russian invasion before the build-up of defensive strength could be accomplished." A third is: "A rearmed Western Germany might drag the French into an avoidable conflict through its impulse to liberate Eastern Germany." A fourth is: "We must rearm ourselves before there can be any question of rearming Germany, and we have need of as much equipment as the U.S.A. can provide—if it had to be spread more widely it could only be at the expense of our own rearmament." A fifth argument is: "It would be unwise that we should appear to be begging for German help, and better to wait until an effective defence of the West has been rebuilt—then we could invite Western Germany to come in as an additional partner, without fostering the feeling there that we are dependent on her support."

The risk is obvious, but the alternative is to remain virtually defenceless in face of an ever-present danger of invasion. For it seems doubtful whether the total of what France, Britain, Belgium and Holland could raise, and the U.S.A. contribute, would adequately span the gap in Western defence.

West Doubts French Morale

It is not only a matter of the additional numbers required. The experience of the French collapse in 1940 has left an impression that is difficult to remove. Anyone can sense that the other Western peoples doubt the moral capacity of the French to bear a heavy strain, and it is all too evident that many Frenchmen share these doubts. Thus a covering force that was mainly French in composition might not inspire adequate confidence. All the peoples concerned, whatever their fears of a rearmed Germany, seem to feel that no covering force would be stout enough in moral fibre to withstand a Russian invasion, except with a strong German stiffening. For that reason even those who fear that such a development might precipitate an invasion are beginning to feel that it may be the lesser of two serious risks.

What do the Germans feel about the matter? That was the primary question I went to Germany to investigate, visiting in turn each of the three zones—the French, American and British. I talked with a wide variety of people, ranging from Cabinet ministers, representatives of the Socialist opposition, and local party leaders in the difficult "Lands," to former generals, representatives of the ordinary ex-Servicemen, and university students.

At Bonn, the Federal capital, I found in governmental as well as in opposition quarters a strongly expressed unwillingness to rearm even if the occupying powers became willing to sanction it.

The Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, was away, but I had a long discussion with the Minister of Finance, Dr. Schaeffer, whom many regard as the ablest member of Adenauer's team. He was refreshingly devoid of the typical "politician's manner," making no effort to display his personality or pretence to having the cure for all ills. He looked and talked more like a sympathetic physician, seeking to make a scientific diagnosis while feeling human concern with the patient's welfare.

Quick Development Of European Union

He spoke mainly about the Schuman Plan, and set forth strong arguments for believing that by creating a uniform market, facilitating both increased production and demand, it would raise the people's standard of life in all the associated states.

But Dr. Schaeffer, like M. Schuman, regarded the "spiritual" promise of the Plan as even more important than its economic benefits. Enmity between France and Germany had been nearly fatal to Europe. The Plan was promoting "Franco-German reconciliation," and once that basic problem was solved he believed a quick development of European union would be possible—otherwise there would always be two camps. For this reason above all, "we should be appreciative if the British Government could find a way to participate." Now that France and Germany were at last clasping hands, he hoped that Britain would stretch out her hand to cement the hand-clasp.

When I asked Dr. Schaeffer for his views about the question of a German contribution to the defence of Western Europe he showed evident distaste for the possibility. He felt that any attempt to re-form a German army might provoke Russia to launch a preventative war, and the more so since the formation of any effective force would take a considerable time. In such a war Germany would be the battlefield, and likely to suffer worse devastation than ever—this time with atomic devastation added. He went on to say that the youth of Germany were disillusioned not only about war, but about the value of defence by fighting, following their experience in 1944-45. That would add to the difficulty of raising an army afresh, even as part of a collective "European" force. Even if the Allies changed their minds about keeping Western Germany disarmed, the time for her rearming was past. "Western Germany must rely for its defence on the occupying powers."

On the question of German rearmament the Socialist spokesman expressed all the same objections as Dr. Schaeffer had, but added the further one that it would endanger democracy. The army might too easily become the master of the state, instead of its servant, and all the more easily because of the general weakness of Western Germany's present situation.

The reluctance to rearm that has been shown by the heads of all the main parties in Germany may appear "too good to be true." Is it genuine, or is it merely a show of reluctance with the motive of making the Western powers more eager to press arms on the Germans?

It is natural that the Germans see the advantages of being wooed. It is even more natural that they should get a sardonic enjoyment from the fact that the very countries which were so intent to root out everything military in Germany, and dismantle her factories, should now be coming to recognize they cannot defend themselves without German help.

Even so, the prevailing objection to rearming is genuine, though not necessarily lasting. The further I extended my soundings the more evident it became that the views expressed in Bonn, by the different party leaders, represented the dominant trend of opinion among the people. The majority are passivist, if not pacifist. That has been the effect of two catastrophic wars, two occupations, and soul-shaking disillusionment.

War Survivors Cured Of Romanticism

Among the younger generation, particularly, there is a widespread repugnance to the idea of military service. They or their elder brothers were taken from the schoolroom at fifteen to serve in anti-aircraft defence, felt the horror and hopelessness of withstanding the mass bombing of their home towns, and, when scarcely older, were sent into the field with the barest minimum of training and equipment to face an invasion vastly superior in numbers or mechanized weapon power. These young men had experience only of defeat, in a most bitter form, and were left with a conviction of the futility of defence.

The "war generation" proper, somewhat older, had immense gaps torn in its ranks by death in battle or Russian captivity. Its survivors have confidence in themselves, founded on their well-proved prowess as soldiers, but they have little confidence in anything or anybody else—political leaders, national ideals, or the value of sacrifice where there is no reasonable chance of it proving effective. Most have been cured, at least temporarily, of the romanticism

Adenauer with young Germans. But they may not back his demand for an armed gendarmerie

that has cost the Germans so dearly in the past. They want "to cultivate their gardens."

At the same time they have no faith in the capacity of the occupying powers to defend Western Germany or Western Europe. Their own experience of how easily they overran the other Western countries in 1940 makes them more dubious about joining up to serve as a segment of a defence largely consisting of these weak and still shaky neighbours. With so poor a chance, why take part, they ask, in a defence that will merely expose their homeland, their families, and themselves to more destruction and worse treatment by the Russians?

Bitterness Over Post-war Treatment

Among the proportion of ex-Servicemen who are more disposed to fight, other checks still operate. They feel bitter about the way they were treated after the war, not only by the Allies but by their own countrymen. Ex-Regulars feel specially sore about the way they were deprived of their pension rights—in contrast to the civil services and teachers who also served the Nazi régime—and about the delay of their own Government in paying pensions.

Another "delayed action" check has developed from resentment about the War Crime sentences. Most Germans at first felt indifferent about these, especially where generals suffered, but interest increased and a change of feeling developed over the trial of Field-Marshal von Manstein. There is widespread complaint of the Allies' persistence in keeping German officers in prison as a punishment for the steps they were driven to take in combating Communist guerrillas, now that the Allies themselves have had their eyes opened to the ruthlessness of such guerrillas and the ubiquitous menace they present. Germans comment sharply on the reports of the drastic measures taken by the French in Indo-China, the British in Malaya and the Americans in Korea. Many of them argue that they would not consider fighting alongside the Allies so long as old comrades and chiefs remain in prison.

Still more common is the comment that the Western Powers can hardly expect Germans to take up arms in defence of "their democracy" after all that has been done for five years to discredit the German Army, and to make them feel that it was sinful to wear a uniform. Such comments are apt to be off the mark in some respects. Nevertheless, the Allies have succeeded in extirpating German "militarism" to an extent that may now be an embarrassment and handicap to a change of policy.

In the course of my tour I met a number of generals whom I had known before the war or come to know while exploring its history. Generals may be expected to believe in military service for defence. It was thus significant that most of them admitted that the majority of their countrymen now were opposed to it.

Even more significantly, one of the former heads of the General Staff expressed himself against any attempt to rearm. "European defence is a problem without solution. The English, Dutch and Americans are too few, the French and Italian unreliable. Only strong German forces—say, forty divisions—could suffice to stop the Russians. But German rearmament is impossible on every ground—international, political, domestic. The war generation are disillusioned and sick of war. They are interested only in providing for themselves and their families. They have no ideal for which to fight. The younger generation are struggling to find one, and may find it in 'Europeanism.'"

The most that he thought feasible was the creation of a gendarmerie strong enough to protect Western Germany from an inroad of the East German police, yet not strong enough to be able to fight Russia. "That might be politically practicable, but it would be foolish and dangerous to dream of expanding it into an army adequate for defence against direct attack by Russia herself."

Some of the other generals were more optimistic, particularly von Manteuffel, the most brilliant panzer leader in the later stages of the war. He now lives at Neuss, near the Ruhr, where he has succeeded in establishing himself in a good industrial job, unlike most of his unemployed and impoverished fellow-generals. He talked at length about the possibility, which he had propounded to Dr. Adenauer, of quickly creating an army of thirty or more divisions, if equipment were provided. It would have to be a fully equipped force, comprising all arms, for the Germans would not be willing to serve merely as auxiliary cannon fodder. But as its weapons and ammunition would be supplied by the Western Powers, not by a German arms industry, that should be a reassurance against a German army becoming a new menace to them, since they could cut off supplies at any time.

Manteuffel, however, did not go into the question of how long it would take America to furnish the equipment for an army of his proposed scale, or what forestalling action Russians might take.

Allied Curb On Arms Supply

An intermediate view was expressed by General Blumentritt, formerly Chief of Staff in the West to Field-Marshal von Rundstedt. He said that probably sixty to seventy per cent of Germans were against reforming an army, and would be unwilling to serve in it. "But the best defence nowadays is by relatively small forces of high quality, and the number of men required could be recruited, on a voluntary basis, from the proportion that want a chance to defend themselves." While it must be a first-rate army, air support as well as arms supply might be left to the Allies, who would thus keep a curb on its independent use. Moreover, as a further safeguard, its divisions might be kept separate from one another, and intermingled with divisions from the other countries. Here I would add that, while some generals obviously desired the revival of an independent German army, a considerable number concentrated on the idea of creating a "European Army," containing German divisions along with others. They were prepared to accept that these would serve under American, British or French higher command. In view of their own professional eminence, that attitude was noteworthy.

In concluding this survey of the problem, and the different facets of opinion, a few reflections may be emphasized. Views are changing rapidly in Germany, as in other countries. Even while I was there I could observe the swing, following the invasion of South Korea. People were quick to see that a similar process might be repeated in Western Germany. Many who had resisted the idea of any rearmament, and reconciled themselves to passivity, began to show signs of wanting the chance to defend themselves—at any rate against an invasion by East German police or other Russian satellites.

In the weeks that have followed, the swing has become more pronounced, and is reflected in Dr. Adenauer's new request for permission to form a fully armed gendarmerie equal to that in the Soviet Zone of Germany—at least 50,000 strong. He may be in advance of the main body of West German opinion, but is probably not much ahead of the swing.

War-trained Germans Would Volunteer

It would probably be easy to obtain sufficient volunteers, from war-trained men alone, to form an army of ten to twenty divisions—as a reinforcement to the present Allied covering force in the West. I have been assured by experts that the organization could be created in a very short time, while the number of volunteers required might be recruited almost overnight. But the upkeep of such a force would be more difficult as long as West German economy has to carry the present heavy burden of occupation costs.

Beyond this lies the far more difficult problem of providing adequate equipment for anything more than a lightly armed police force. As things stand, it would take a long time, and during that building-up process the risk of a Russian preventative invasion would be heavy.

It might be more feasible to begin by forming a small "International Force" or "European Legion" of directly enlisted volunteers from all the Western countries. Germans could join such a force not only as enlisted men but as officers. It would be a useful supplement to the national contingents at present contributed by the different countries to the Western Union Covering Force, and its scale could be progressively increased.

THE END

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Behind the beauties of the famous Gardens, there is another and busier Kew: the Mecca of botanical research—which even turns detective on occasions

King of Kew Gardens

by RONALD W. CLARK

The man who once probed dust from a church has a simple test for his work: Does it make a country walk more interesting? Today, plant experts from all over the world converge on Kew

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO an eager young botanist persuaded the verger of a country church to supply him with samples of dust which had been brought in on the clothes of the villagers and deposited in the pews. In each dust collection the botanist found dozens of germinating seeds. This was to him a significant proof of the way certain plants emigrate.

Today, Sir Edward James Salisbury still collects seeds, if on a somewhat more ambitious scale. At sixty-four, he is Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, an institution which is often called the Mecca of botanical research for the world. A spectacled, balding man with a small toothbrush moustache, Sir Edward is a true scientist. "We welcome visitors," he once said, "as long as they realize that the Gardens are not a public park but are a national centre for scientific research."

When he was teaching, he pointed out to his students that there was one test they should apply to what they were learning. "Ask yourselves," he said, "'Does this make any country walk more interesting?'" Those who go for a country walk with him sometimes leave with the feeling that they will never again look at nature through the same unseeing eyes.

The Gardens over which scientist Sir Edward has charge are visited each year by 1,750,000 members of the public. At a penny a person they pay about £7,000 in admission fees which help, together with a Government grant—£115,681 this year—to look after the running costs. The pennies also go towards the upkeep of the world-renowned herbarium in Hunter House, once the home of that Duke of Cumberland who became King of Hanover.

In the herbarium there are now between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 dried specimens and 45,000 living ones. "To note carefully all the species in the herbarium," Sir Edward says, "would occupy one person for rather more than forty years." In one year the herbarium and library received no fewer than 4,000 visits from botanists, some of them from half-way across the world, who wanted advice on specific problems.

Help From The Eighth Army

The collection has an ancient and fascinating history. A Kew Gardens collector sailed with Captain Cook and another with Bligh of the *Bounty*. Amateurs have helped, too: soldiers of the Eighth Army sent specimens from the Western Desert. Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke packed dwarf cherry trees and pines from Japan into his own plane, bound for Kew.

All such new plants sent in, either for the collection or for identification, are passed through a hydrocyanic acid chamber to kill disease in the plants and any insects which may have accompanied them on their travels. New specimens are carefully checked and mounted on sheets of stiff card. They are then filed in folders with complete details of where and how found. In 1948, the last year for which detailed figures are available, more than 35,000 specimens were received.

In Sir Edward's charge, too, is the Jodrell Laboratory, which is little known but pays back the public for its financial support in unexpected ways. It is hardly astonishing to learn that Kew has helped to produce better bananas, but that detective work has also been done there comes as a distinct surprise.

When, some time ago, a number of sacks from Australia were found to contain sand instead of their legal contents, the Jodrell Laboratory discovered that botanical fragments found in the sand could have come only from Australia. The substitution, it was correctly deduced, must have been made there and not in Britain.

Sir Edward, who is paid £2,000 a year, receives up to 150 letters a day from people all over the world. Under him, W. M. Campbell, the Curator of the Gardens, sends more than 8,000 packets of seeds a year to botanical gardens and horticultural institutions in Britain and abroad. Campbell also deals with the many practical jokers who send in, for example, a buttercup carefully attached to a daisy stalk and accompanied by the fatuous query: "Is this a rarity?"

But it is to feast their eyes on the beauties of the famous Gardens that visitors by the thousand pour into Kew. Most popular attractions there are the *Victoria Regia*, the giant water lily; the Camooweal Lily; and the insect-catching pitcher plant. Many a mother has asked if little Johnny could sit on the six-foot leaves of the gigantic *Victoria Regia* in House No. 10. This lily, brought to Britain in 1849, has exotic, fifteen-inch blooms, and smells like a pineapple.

The Camooweal Lily, rarest of the species in the world, has had a spectacular history. Though expeditions went to search for it as early as 1852 when its existence became known, it was not until 1920 that botanists laid hands on its seeds near Camooweal, in Northern Queensland. Of the party of seven, three were killed by crocodiles and two others were badly mauled. Even then, the first seeds did not reach Kew until 1946—too late in the year to be planted. Sir Edward sent them to the United States, where they were successfully grown. Tubers from the original seeds, sent back to Kew, produced the plants now thriving in House 15.

Such international co-operation pleases Sir Edward. Perhaps it reminds him of his early days when, through the study of dust in a country church, he revealed his first interest in plant emigration of a different sort. THE END

THE SCARLET SWORD

With last night's raiders billeted in the building, the women went in terror. Now the Mission was a front line

by H. E. BATES

BY DAWN ORDER HAD returned to the Mission. With the arrival of the officer, Sikander Shah, the savage Pathan tribesmen had stopped the wild orgy of rape and massacre that had been going on since the attack had started at 1.30 p.m.

To Crane, the journalist who had come to Kashmir to report the fighting, the attack was not unexpected. Hindus were reported to be butchering the Moslems: it was natural that the Pathans —Moslems themselves—should sweep down from the hills to retaliate. But even he, hardened as he was, had not witnessed such savage scenes.

The Mission was crowded with women and children who had come from surrounding villages to find refuge. Besides Indian villagers, three Europeans had already been murdered — Mrs. Mathieson, wife of Colonel Mathieson, a young, retired officer; a nun; and Mrs. Maxted, mother of twenty-year-old Julie.

Crane had fallen in love with Julie. And now that her mother was dead, he felt an added responsibility for her.

In charge of the Mission were Father Anstey and Father Simpson. Father Simpson, the younger man, stout, absent-minded, unused to such horror, was outraged and shocked. When he had found himself lined up with the women to be shot, he had prayed aloud, regardless of the beating he had received from the Pathans.

With dawn, new fears arose. Above the Mission droned Indian Air Force fighter planes. It seemed that the Mission might become a front line.

PART 4

The Morning

FATHER SIMPSON experienced a feeling of exultation as the sun came through the windows of the hospital ward. It was not so much because the night was over and horror might be lessened after its transition through light, but because the children were singing. It was better to count the living, he thought, than the dead—still better to hear the living as they sang—and he was actually counting them as Crane came into the ward with Kaushalya and Julie Maxted.

It was then, as he saw the girl wrapped in the priest's habit, beaten about by grief and tiredness, that his lapse of memory ended. His mind in a single shocking jerk went back to Mrs. Maxted. He remembered how he had left her, face covered, on the bed. A spasm of nervous self-reproach threw him forward half a pace, and then that, too, ended. It was succeeded instantly by a wave of that sickening self-condemnation, salty and repulsive, that had overcome him in the trench, when he had made his thoughtless mistake about the tenses.

He knew suddenly that Mrs. Maxted was dead. He saw the dried blue bruise of tears on the girl's face, across the eyes. His joy at the children's singing—it had been his idea to start it and he

"There are no women," cried Father Simpson, as the Pathan struck him with the lamp. "You are drunk. Get out! There are no women"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

had put a young Italian nun, Carlotta, in charge—ran out of him, leaving him empty and arrested where he stood. In the crowded ward, that was now, with its over-populated confusion of bundled and squatting bodies, beds and charpoys, like a section of any Indian street at dawn, he stood foolish and helpless, not knowing what to do or say or how to redeem or expiate the terrible sin of omission that had left Mrs. Maxted to die, without comfort or succour, alone.

All the strength that had been released in him by physical action went suddenly dead. He wiped one hand across his face: he needed a shave; his beard seemed to be growing, grisly and miserable, as far up as the wrinkles in the flesh under his eyes. After a night of pure thoughtless release in action, his thoughts came rushing back in the form of hammering and twisting reproaches. His face, frizzled and frowsy with sleeplessness and its day's growth of beard, was weak and grim.

He was relieved to see Father Anstey cutting across the line of Julie Maxted's approach. He heard something about cocoa; he saw McAlister taking Julie away to the kitchen, where breakfast of a sort was being made. From the other end of the ward the children laughed because the hymn they had been singing had ended. The nun, Carlotta, began singing another, the voice warm and throaty but clean and reed-like at the same time. The children, multi-lingual, unfrightened, mixing Hindustani with bits of English and Italian and syllables of dialect he did not understand, joined in.

By the time Crane and Father Anstey came over to him he had pulled himself together.

Father Anstey said: "We have lost our dear Mother Superior. She died of her wounds. And we cannot find Sister Teresalina."

"But she was here—out there—in the ward."

"We know that. She tried to protect our dear Mother. She was seen. It was about the time Dr. Baretta's husband disappeared. They seemed to go together."

In anguish Father Simpson felt for his crucifix. It was not there. His large hands quivered about his chest.

"Have we had a check?" Crane said.

He saw the younger priest's mouth twitch with nervous concentration, and then almost bark out, with recited accuracy: "We've forty-five adults and twenty children—that includes the two new-born ones. Seventeen Hindu and Sikh families. Thirteen nuns. Four men."

"Thank you, Father."

"What have we lost?" Crane said.

"I can't tell yet. I don't know if Mrs. Maxted—or Dr. Baretta's husband——"

"Dr. Baretta has looked everywhere," Father Anstey said. "It seems they took him out somewhere. He was not really Hindu—like Greta he was only half-Indian—no one knows what happened."

"What can we do?" Crane said.

"There is this young Afridi officer. He seems intelligent. He has put himself in charge. I think we must do whatever he says."

Crane stared down the crowded floor of the ward. "Not much room."

"We shall straighten out."

Father Simpson said: "Was Mrs. Maxted—was she—I mean, did you find her?"

"Kaushalya was with her," Crane said.

"When she died?"

"I think so."

"I'm glad to know it—one makes the most hideous misjudgments."

"Won't you get breakfast, Mr. Crane?" Father Anstey said. "The children have had theirs."

Down the ward a young Hindu woman stood up and began combing her hair. Crane was disturbed by the sight of it, black and uncoiled down her shoulders.

Woken to a new pre-occupation, his first fear, he thought of Julie; he remembered with bruising clarity the woman he had seen thrown and stripped on the terrace.

He watched the woman sweeping the comb with smooth, bright lines through the black silk towel of hair. She was pretty, rather as Kaushalya was pretty, sullenly and darkly. Beyond her the young nun Carlotta looked fragile and white as eggshell; he saw the lovely straight Italian line of the nose uplifted. We have forty women, he thought, and rape is international.

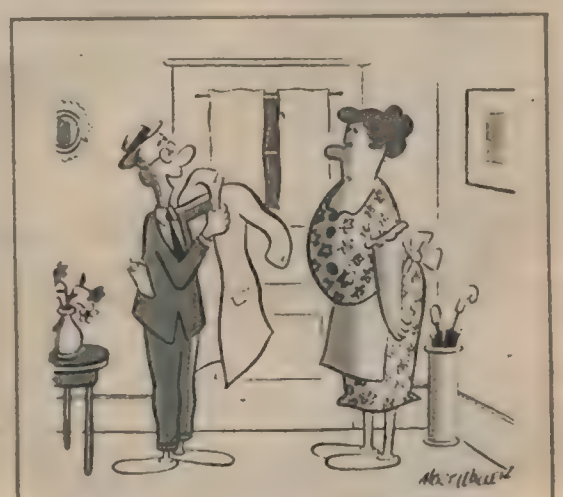
"You should get breakfast, Mr. Crane," Father Anstey said. "You look all in."

"Perhaps I will."

In that moment the door opened and Dr. Baretta came in. She looked without visible reaction beyond the three men, and as she came across to them, her eyes unbroken by light, she lifted her hands once and let them fall.

"I can't find him. They won't let me go out."

She was very slim; the bones of her wrists were



"But he *was* pretty nice about my wanting another rise—asked if I'd like to have the whole factory"

sharply delicate through the cream-yellow transparent skin, her eyes ash-coloured and sparkless. Bravely she stood unbuttoning the cuffs of her white blouse. They were stiff, crackling as she folded them back.

Father Simpson said: "Don't look any more, my child. Mr. Crane and I will look."

"They are guarding the doors," she said. "A few of them. The rest have gone."

"It can't be," Crane said.

"I heard an Afridi say they were going to the front."

"There is no front," Crane said.

"Perhaps it simply means they have pushed ahead somewhere," Father Anstey said. "Mercifully I think the Kashmiris are no match for them. What do you think, Mr. Crane?"

Crane remembered the Tempest flying over and said: "They're probably mopping up in the village. They'll be back."

"I'm very worried about the village," Father Anstey said. "Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks are down there. They never came back again."

"Who are Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks?"

"They are English ladies," Father Simpson said. "They have a houseboat. They were here yesterday afternoon and then they left."

"There were fires there all night," Dr. Baretta said. "You can see them still burning now."

She walked away, vaguely, her cuffs undone at last, her sleeves rolled up, her skinned-willow arms exceptionally frail and gleaming as she prepared, farther down the ward, to work among the beds. A new-born baby, lying like a rose-brown hairless puppy with its Hindu mother, cried with tiny dog-like howls as the doctor picked it up from the bed, and the mother smiled with a gleam of white teeth as the Anglo-Indian girl comforted it.

Crane was left alone with Father Simpson. The priest said: "You ought to get some breakfast, Mr. Crane. We have some digging to do."

"I think no one ought to go outside until we have seen this Afridi officer fellow—what's his name?"

"Sikander Shah. I asked him."

"He's the boss. We ought to wait for him."

"The dead have to be buried and they are going to be buried, boss or no boss, officer or no officer." The priest suddenly spoke with strong insistence, the corners of his lips drawn until his mouth was almost fleshless. "No one is going to dictate to me about these things."

"It isn't a question of dictation. Just sense."

"It isn't even a question of sense. It's a question simply of what is right and what has to be."

"It would be better to wait a bit."

"I am not waiting. I won't wait. The dead cannot be left about like dogs." The priest, in these few moments, had regained the look of outraged determination that had caused him to blunder through the chapel, knocking the Mahsud down. He did not seem to see Crane, standing there before him, advancing what he felt to be the argument of common sense. Sweat in small white prickles broke out on the smooth, boyish skin of his forehead and he spoke in an odd clenched whisper that seemed more furious because he kept it so low.

He pushed past Crane, brushing him with his heavy tautened stomach. "I'm going out. We have to find Dr. Baretta's husband. I shan't rest until we find him and Sister Teresalina."

"She is probably with the rest behind the chapel."

"Oh God! Oh God!"

Hanging his head, terribly shaken for a moment in the act of blundering away, he put both hands to his face and then recovered himself. "It has to be done. One can't shirk it. It is very terrible but it has to be done."

"Why don't you wait a bit?" Crane said.

"I will not wait."

"One stray shot by some idiot and they'll bump you off."

"Then let them bump me off."

"That's no service to the dead and it's no service to the living," Crane said.

"To me the dead are living." He pushed past Crane, blundering and taut, towards the door through which he had wandered out to the chapel during the night. And turning there he thrust out his chin and said: "Talk to Mathieson. He needs it."

"The dead are so much easier, aren't they?" Crane said. "You don't have to explain to them."

The priest said quickly: "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean that—I shouldn't have said such a thing." He stood helpless and weak again, trapped by his nervousness into a new moment of condemnatory pain. Sickening, salted bitterness drained his face of colour, the paleness heightened by the dark beard.

Crane, upset by the moment of tension that could not now be broken by banter as in the orchard on the previous day, pulled himself together. "All right, Father. You go. I'll get some breakfast. I'll come and find you."

The priest nodded gently, nervous and diffident and friendly; the aftermath of his agonies grew about his face in lines of shadow.

"I won't be long," Crane said. "I'll bring a crust for the rabbits," and the priest, in the moment before opening the door, smiled.

The children were still singing as Crane went out of the ward into the kitchen, where Colonel Mathieson was sitting at a centre table, trying to coax a Kashmiri boy of five or six to eat his breakfast of boiled millet and cocoa.

"I found your shoes," the colonel said. "They're under the table. I brought your shaving things, too. And some cigarettes."

Tired, unable to feel surprised at this

Continued on page 27

Brightling tests a sick cow. If it has swallowed bits of wire while grazing, he'll find them

Metal talks to Mr. Brightling

by LISA MOYNIHAN

With his detector he can locate it anywhere—buried deep in the ground, hidden in a tree trunk or under a river, even inside a cow

WHEN OFFICE COLLEAGUES ask thirty-five year old salesman Howard Brightling: "Heard anything interesting lately?" they get this kind of reply: "Well, there was a seventeenth-century gate-hinge in a piece of timber at Sevenoaks, a couple of manholes near Chelmsford and a fine lump of barbed wire in a pedigree bull down Somerset way. . . ."

Ever since the spring day in 1946 when he first tuned in to a gas pipe under the surface of a South London back street, Howard has had a very sensitive ear for such things. The trouble about the pipe was that it was leaking—and the local gas company had lost the plans on which it could be located. Fruitless days had been spent in road excavation when someone heard the rumour that a London firm was experimenting with a new metal-detecting gadget. In fact, the South London firm who were the inventors and Britain's leading wartime manufacturers of the mine and bomb detectors used since El Alamein, were all set for the first try-out of a peacetime version.

Road gangs left drill and pick and watched sceptically as the young man with the ex-R.A.F. moustache and the cheerful patter produced from the back of his car a neat black case. Inside was an odd contraption halfway between a warming pan and a miniature vacuum cleaner, a pair of headphones, an amplifier and an oscillator.

Howard connected the oscillator to the only exposed part of the "lost" pipe, adjusted his headphones and, with the amplifier box slung carefully over his shoulder, began the search. Holding the search-head a foot from the ground, he "tuned in." At first he heard only a rhythmical "knock-knock"—which meant he was on the wrong track. Suddenly the noise stopped: he was above the pipe. In a short time he had plotted its course for over 300 yards.

"How deep is it?" asked the sceptics. Howard's answer was to sidestep at a right angle from the pipe, listening intently, and holding the search-head at forty-five degrees towards the pipe. "Three feet," he announced, and he persuaded an impressed official to try for himself. "You're over the pipe now, and you can't hear a sound? Fine. Now sidestep as I did. The knocking is beginning faintly? Good. It's loud now? Fine. The depth of the pipe is the distance between the silent spot and the loud knocking spot. It's all linked up with Pythagoras's theory, but you don't have to bother about that. . . ." And the last sceptic was convinced when excavations revealed that the metal detector had not been an inch out.

That day it was launched on its strange and varied career and Howard has since given thousands of demonstrations up and down the country from Land's End (where he traced a water pipe) to a remote village north of Aberdeen. Thousands have since been made and 500 a year are now being exported. They cost £48 —with an extra ten guineas for the oscillator.

Locating gas and water pipes is still one of the detector's main labour-saving uses. ("It's amazing," says Howard, "how many local plans get lost.") But it has also become a vital part of the equipment of sawmills, where expensive electric saws can easily be ruined by coming up against pieces of metal lodged in timber. And in the hands of country vets it has saved the lives of hundreds of cattle by pinpointing scraps of barbed wire, bits of tin cans and the old nails they have swallowed along with their grass.

He Likes The Tricky Jobs

"You usually get asked to do a tricky job as a 'demonstration,'" says Howard dryly. "Rather like the housewife who gets her house spring-cleaned by a vacuum-cleaner rep." But after four years' desert warfare with the R.A.F. he likes his work to be tricky. "The trickier the better."

Sometimes, in country districts, he has only the word of an old inhabitant to go by. There was the time in Beccles, Suffolk, when a farmer doubtfully sought his aid. He was planning a new farmhouse, but it was going to be an expensive business to lay water on from the main road half a mile away. "Yet," said the farmer, "Old Sam tells me he can remember the time when there was a water trough in a field only a few hundred yards from the site of my new farm. There's no sign of it now, but I reckon the pipes must still be there."

Howard took Old Sam at his word. He linked his oscillator with the water pipe in the road and, with the rest of his equipment, climbed over the hedge into the field where the trough was supposed to have been. The knocking stopped all right, and Howard traced the pipe within a short distance of the proposed farm.

On another occasion, up in Carlisle, he rowed 200 feet across a river tracing the route of a five feet deep water pipe. The river was being dredged, and the water board was afraid its pipe might be uprooted, too. Within half an hour Howard "had the thing taped." The metal detector (specially water-proofed) had done it again.

His most memorable day was on what he calls a "blind search"—for which the oscillator is, of course, no use. By that time, without his oscillator to guide him, he had discovered hundreds of manhole covers and stopcock boxes (or toby covers, as they're called in the north) which had been accidentally tarred over. "I don't hold the search-head too near the ground or I'd pick up bits of tin, etc.," he explains. "And instead of listening for the knocking to stop, I wait for a whistling to begin, to show I'm over metal. You can tell roughly from the size of the object you're searching for whether it's found." But Howard had never tried to pick up metal in anything alive.

The First Test On An Animal

Then, one June day in 1946, a surgeon at the Royal Veterinary College who had heard of the gadget asked if there was any hope of tracing metal in a cow. And down went Howard with his little black box. The surgeon explained: "The symptoms of a cow which has swallowed metal are very like those of cows with other complaints, even pneumonia. They go off their food, their milk-yield gets low, and so on. Cows are too large to X-ray, and usually we have to operate and hope for the best. If your gadget can tell us if there is metal and where it is, go ahead."

Howard wasn't sure, but he gave a professional heave to his amplifier box (making sure it was not "tuned in" to the coppers in his trousers pocket), adjusted his headphones, and started to run his search-head over his first live

Sis, I'm Tired of Fighting for You!
DON'T TRY TO BLAME THAT BLACK EYE ON ME, BOBBY!
BUT A CHAP'S GOT TO FIGHT ANYBODY WHO SAYS HIS SISTER OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT, IN 7 CASES OUT OF 10, COLGATE'S REMOVES THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH,
FOR COLGATE'S ACTIVE, PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH, CLEANS ENAMEL BRILLIANTLY - SAFELY TOO!
LATER - THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth - AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
1'4 also Giant Size 2'-

Detection in the sawmill. A nail in a log can smash an expensive saw

patient—a very sick-looking Jersey cow. This time he was not listening for the "knock-knock" to stop, but for the whistling to begin. And sure enough, when the head reached the cow's front stomach, the "boiling kettle" whistle started. "Just what I feared," said the vet, "that's her 'dangerous' stomach. If you hadn't told us, that cow would have been dead within thirty days."

Howard stayed on, fascinated, to watch the operation. The cow was given a local anaesthetic. Then the surgeon started cutting carefully on the upper back of the cow. "But I didn't find metal there," said Howard. "Watch," commanded the vet. And Howard watched as, with dexterous gloved hand, the vet reached forward and down to the stomach and drew out—an ugly piece of barbed wire.

Ten days later, Howard was back once more at the college (they now have a detector of their own) to get whistling on a rusty nail in another cow's stomach. He saw his first patient munching nonchalantly nearby, little realizing it had been party to a revolution in veterinary work.

Last year the London Zoo bought a detector, and a metal-eating bison was the first to benefit. And farmers often insist now, when buying a pedigree cow or bull, that a check is first made with the gadget—although many farmers were sceptical at first.

Metal That Had Vanished

Even more sceptical were the timber people. Once metal is lodged in a tree, the tree grows round it. In the past, timber firms had checked for metal by looking out for a stain—the wood is darker on the outside if there is metal in the middle. But this is not always so, as Howard finally convinced an old hand at a Norfolk timber firm. One piece of wood had a dark stain three feet long, but Howard could "hear" no trace of any metal. "That gadget's no good, young man," he was told.

"Saw through the middle," said Howard—"and I'll buy you a new saw if it breaks."

"The old chap agreed," says Howard, "and sure enough we found no metal. But in the very centre the stain was almost black. There had obviously been some, perhaps a hundred years before, but the acid in the tree dissolved it."

Howard's good customers include the police—both here and abroad. Scotland Yard has found the detector handy on murder cases. Weapons have a habit of getting hidden under floorboards and behind plaster. Once a Chinese called on him. He was also an "officer of the law," and Howard learnt that in China the customs men are forbidden to search women. But there is nothing, it seems, to prevent them from running a search-head over the fair sex. In Egypt, too, the Law has reason to be grateful for the detector. Camels smuggling hashish no longer stand a chance (they used to be made to swallow it in tin containers).

Sometimes Howard has even stranger requests. A West African chief wanted a detector to look for buried treasure. "Seems it was a custom in the twelfth century to bury metal casts of the heads of chiefs." Once Howard found it useful himself. Driving up to Scotland at the urgent request of a farmer, he kept getting punctures. Finally, he asked one garage to take the tyre off the iron frame. He "tuned in" to a small metal tack embedded inside the rubber.

Searching Little Johnnie

Neighbours occasionally ask for a "loan of your gadget, please, Howard." A friend who wanted to re-lay a disused tennis court and had "lost" the metal slots for the posts found it useful—they had sunk nearly a foot down. Another once brought in her ailing son. "I'm sure Johnnie's swallowed a safety pin." Howard ran his search-head over him from top to toe—but could find nothing.

Often the firm itself gets isolated requests—an engagement ring lost on a Cumberland golf course (what a hope! says Howard), valuables buried during the war in a back garden. But, although research still goes on to improve the detector, so far it cannot supersede the X-ray in locating "foreign bodies" in human beings and small animals. Though Howard Brightling hopes that one day he will be able to retrieve that needle from the haystack. THE END

HENRY HALLIDAY LEAVES HIS WIFE

. . . He's a thousand miles from home, holidaying in Italy, and he takes the decision on the spur of the moment.

What happens then makes a brilliantly amusing story—Selwyn Jepson's "Letter-rack In Umbria"—complete in next week's JOHN BULL

He's looking for a fight

by STANLEY RUSSELL

After an up-and-down career as grocer, hat designer and big business gambler, Jack Cappell is sparring for a title "bout" with Jack Solomons. The stakes: champion promoter

THE BIGGEST FIGHT boxing enthusiasts are likely to witness this year or for many years to come will not be fought in the ring. It will be a battle, not of fists, but of wits between Jack Solomons and Jack Cappell for the promoters' championship of Great Britain.

Solomons's story has become legend. An East End fishmonger, he broke into boxing as a small-time manager and matchmaker. He seized an opening when a wartime associate—none other than Cappell—had to forgo his interest in what had been planned as his biggest show. This was the Jack London *versus* Bruce Woodcock match for the British and Empire heavyweight titles.

After that Cappell remained on the canvas for a long count. Now, like a champion, he has picked himself up and is fighting back. Following a warming-up campaign last season—he staged the well-remembered scrap between Dave Sands and Robert Villemain—he retired behind a fat cigar and planned his grand strategy.

Then he began putting his plans into practice. He secured exclusive professional boxing rights at London's Royal Albert Hall, which had been a Solomons stronghold since the war, and announced that he would promote fights there once each month, beginning on September 26.

Solomons, unwilling to surrender his crown, countered by fixing September 14 for the welterweight championship between Eddie Thomas, the holder, and Cliff Curvis at Swansea. He also announced his hope that some time in November Bruce Woodcock would make a comeback at Earls Court against world cruiserweight champion Joey Maxim. The winner of *this* bout, said Solomons, would meet Lee Savold for the heavyweight title.

He Moves In On The Continent

Cappell recognizes that he is not yet quite strong enough to engage in a toe-to-toe slugging match of such promotional proportions. Instead he has danced about with all Europe as his ring, arranging for an open-air show in Paris for late September, an indoor one in the same city, probably in October, and, partnering a Spanish promoter, tournaments in Madrid and Barcelona. In Germany, he is likely to use the huge stadium at Düsseldorf.

Then he plans to close in again with at least one tournament too big for the Royal Albert Hall (negotiations are now under way for the lease of a larger arena) and a series of big-name shows, in conjunction with certain provincial promoters who have suitable halls but find it difficult to fill them.

Already Cappell has emerged from this period of preliminary sparring with a virtual corner in Dominion and European boxers. Cappell says he expects to present at least four champions from South Africa, two from Canada, at least one good American and a collection of outstanding Europeans including Robert Villemain and Luis Romero, the European bantam champion.

The irony is that, as a youngster, Cappell was always on the losing end and had no interest in fighting. Born in Aldgate, third of five children, he found himself at the age of eight pressed into the family greengrocery business as assistant early-morning buyer at Spitalfields market. At twelve, he switched to delivering papers. The first World War made him a soldier and aroused his interest in boxing. He became welterweight champion of his battalion. He married, and the end of the war found him with no money and no job. He kissed his wife and baby goodbye and emigrated to Canada.

Hat Salesman—Then Top Designer

For a time, odd jobs around the docks of Montreal kept him going. Then a newly-made friend found him a job as assistant in a millinery store. He was shown a delivery of women's hats, six of each kind in a box. "Take one of each and see what you can make of them," he was told. The idea was for him to display them on the counter and sell them. Instead, he fashioned ornaments from oddments of material and made the hats into what were virtually exclusive models. By the end of the day he had sold out. At the end of his first week he was given a rise and told to go on designing hats.

"I discovered I had a flair," he says now, "and thought the future looked settled enough to bring my wife and child over." Within a few months he became Canada's highest-paid millinery designer at £50 a week. He began to dabble in the stock market. In two years he owned three houses and a flat and had a large bank balance. He gave up his hat-designing. But when Prince Loewenstein, the Belgian financier, jumped from an aeroplane over the English Channel, Cappell lost more than £100,000 in Loewenstein enterprises alone. He had to sell up everything to pay for stock, now worthless, that he had bought on credit.

A Deal With The Government

He was broke again and, with Canada in a financial slump, there were no jobs to be had. He scraped together just enough money to take him and his family back to England on a cargo-boat. He found a job with a hat manufacturer, saved money, and went into business for himself. When the second World War broke out, he left the hat trade to sell goods in bulk to the Government on one hand and sell Government surplus goods on the other. The deal that sent him on his way involved the purchase of 200,000 pairs of second-hand boots from the Government, patching them up and selling them at a profit. He was sitting pretty until he started a bookmaking business and made the cardinal error of betting on the favourite himself at meeting after meeting. "I didn't realize," he reminisces, "that Cappell the bookmaker was losing far more than Cappell the punter was winning." Then it was too late.

Cappell, like Solomons, smokes big cigars. And, like Solomons, he's planning his biggest fight

His Method: Buying On Credit

Again Cappell left Britain, this time for Australia. He bought 750,000 pairs of boots from the Australian Government, on credit, at 13s. 6d. a pair and promptly sold them at prices ranging from 16s. to 18s. 6d. a pair. Returning home, he pulled off a deal which involved selling several M.T.B.s, released from the Royal Navy, to India.

In the past eighteen months he has made four air trips to Australia, fourteen to India and Pakistan, three to Israel, three to South Africa and countless hops to the Continent. On these business trips he constantly looks for promising fighters.

When he is not searching the earth for bargains—fistic or otherwise—Cappell's normal day begins with breakfast at seven, a visit to his warehouse at eight and a session at his City office until it's time for a lunch of tea and cakes. "I only get sleepy if I eat a lot," he says. Nevertheless he is partial to ice-cream and big cigars at any time of the day.

Afternoons find him at his West End office setting his boxing empire on its feet again. He is certain of success, confident that what he did with hats and boots he can do just as well with gloves and the boxers who wear them. THE END

The two musicians

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

Did the woman think he was the Pied Piper? It was a crazy request—and yet Morris knew he had to try

SANT VILLAGE HAS NO BAND, and on all festive occasions an affair of silver and braided uniforms has to be imported from far down in England. They come haughtily in a motor coach, their instruments in queer shaped cases on the top. They come, they play, and then they go away again.

At all other times Sant village is almost without music. Excepting, that is, for that provided by Morris the Trumpets and the organ played in church by Susan the Milk Factory. But Susan's hands are all nobbly with rheumatism from the days she has to spend with them in hot water.

When playing she presses two—sometimes three—of the keys, producing some harmony, some discord. And she always has to strive and strain to reach the black notes; usually she reaches these when the congregation has passed on to another bar.

The only man who really can be said to make respectable music in Sant is Morris the Trumpets. By profession he is a painter and decorator; by inclination a trumpeter. No one remembers exactly when he started trumpeting. Some say that he was sent by his parents to the green hill which rises, all covered with gorse and heather, behind the village; sent there to practise in solitude with only a few stunted green pines for company.

It is said that he learnt up there, using lessons sent by post. It was a B flat trumpet which he used at first, and many remember when he gave his first solo at the village concert. It had been quite a triumph for Morris.

This year Morris had bought a post-horn; it came to the station and they thought at first it was a fruit tree, packed as it was, so very securely.

A great crowd came to the Milk Factory Concert this year. This was arranged always by Susan, she who had charge of the place. The girls did some dancing, some singing, a one-act play or some dramatic recitations. Susan was always at the piano: this she seemed to work slightly better than the organ in the church.

Always there was much amusement at this concert, for the serious parts were always comic and the parts that were meant to amuse produced some tragedy. This year the whole of Sant came, for it had said on the handwritten posters that Mr. Morris would be playing his new instrument, the post-horn.

All the people came to give him support and encouragement, for they understood that he was striving to achieve something. Morris knew that other men could paint in the village; other handymen could make a good job of a house or remove paint with a blow lamp. But there was none other in Sant who could play a trumpet. It gave him what he needed—a sense of importance in life; a purpose and a superiority.

THE Recreation and Rest Room of the milk factory, a long narrow place, was now full to capacity. People sat on the window sills and on each other's laps watching the two tables which had been joined together for a stage.

The first item went off quite humorously. One of the girls did a tap dance, and in the ecstasy of it closed her eyes. A rash thing to do on a small stage. She went right over the one side and into the arms of Jenkins the Plumber. He, although a bachelor, received her without a blush and set her up again quite gallantly.

After that one of the milk lorry-drivers came on and gave a serious monologue. Then Jenkins the Plumber, who was the chairman this year, held up his hand and after that climbed on to the two tables joined together that were the stage.

"Dear friends," he said, "now comes a real treat for us all. A real pleasure, I'm sure. Our own, our very own Mr. Morris has mastered yet another kind of trumpet——"

A great clapping then and shouts of "Good old Morris!" Jenkins went on: "This evening, as was announced on the posters, Mr. Morris will perform on his new instrument, the post-horn. Come along, Mr. Morris."

Maybe Morris's hands were shaking with stage fright, or perhaps they were greasy with sweat. Anyway, he let this long thing fall suddenly from its angle in the air. It caught Jenkins the Plumber a sharp echoing blow on the top of his head, right on the small, pink patch which he has had since he was infected with the ringworm. Even as he had caught the girl dancer, Jenkins bravely took this. He gave a little smile, but stood up from his chair and backed away out of range against the wall.

Morris took a deep breath and lifted up his instrument a second time. But Susan refused to accompany him, and when finally Morris did get his nerve back and played the Post-horn Gallop, he had to do it quite alone. But he gave a fine performance and was in full control of his instrument.

IT was in the interval that Susan the Milk Factory came to Morris the Trumpets. He was sitting in a small room at the back wiping over his post-horn and getting it ready to pack away. Susan laid one of her warped hands on his shoulder.

"The very man," she said.

Morris looked up into her red face. He had never had much love for her; for she was a spinster and often as sweet as cream, but could change on the instant to sourness.

"Well, Susan, what is it? I have done my act. What do you want?"

"Oh, Mr. Morris"—she sat on a chair before him—"you will be a godsend to us. The man we have been searching for. You will be our salvation. It is the rats."

Morris the Trumpets eyed her with suspicion. "What do you want with me?"

"Oh, you simple man. Like all great artists you are so humble. You do not realize your worth. But you will help us, won't you?"

Morris, amazed, watched her as she went on to explain how he could help.

"You will act as a kind of Pied Piper. We are infested with rats. Quite overrun. But if you will walk through the buildings blowing your wonderful post-horn I'm sure that they will all follow you and you can lead them to the river."

Morris answered on the instant.

"You are mad, woman. This is not a pipe like the Pied Piper had. This is a concert instrument."

She arched away then.

"Oh, Mr. Morris, I forgot to mention. The painting of the whole factory this year, inside and out, has been left to me. They said I ought to get a local man. I was thinking of you all the time, but my nephew up the valley is very keen also. But I say, of course, help them as helps you."

Morris knew then that he was cornered. A whole three months' painting contract this at least. For that it was worth making an utmost fool of himself.

The next Saturday afternoon Morris the Trumpets walked again towards the factory, carrying his post-horn. One or two people in the street asked him where he was going and he had to explain that he wanted to have a little practice on the piano and get his notes right. He knew that it was a poor excuse and he feared that there would be some gossip and talk of scandal in the village by the evening. But being an unmarried man, he had no great fear.

By the last house in the village the first dog caught up with him, the Alsatian from the butcher's. And by the time he had gone the first half of the mile to the milk factory, seven dogs were in a little group behind. He looked like some huntsman at the cubbing; only the colour and the breeding of the dogs were lacking.

He knew then that the first part of his plan had failed. For Morris had anointed the heels of his boots with oil of aniseed, as do the gipsies when they want to attract away a dog. Morris had hoped in this way that he would get a few rats to follow him out of the milk factory, so that this Susan might be satisfied.

He had hoped that if he walked briskly he would avoid all the village dogs. But it was not so. This aniseed was a most powerful persuader and the pack of dogs behind was becoming bigger and bigger.

With the Alsatian were now three fox-terriers, two spaniels, several mongrels and the bulldog from the Vicarage. Morris tried to send them away with his case, but they only wagged their tails at him and regarded him affectionately.

Morris went to within a hundred yards of the milk factory. There he sat down on a hedge bank, took off his boots and threw them to the patient dogs. On the instant they pounced on them, and the last Morris saw of his boots was one in the mouth of the Alsatian and the other hanging from the mouth of the bulldog. These two trotted away to the village and all the other dogs followed.

He found it very difficult to walk along the road in his stockinged feet. But the thought of the contract for the painting of the milk factory helped him on, and he knew that if he could satisfy Susan all would be well.

AT the gates, Susan the Milk Factory was waiting. She immediately asked the awkward question. "Your boots, Mr. Morris, what of them? I see you have your magic instrument, but what of your boots?"

Morris searched his mind for some excuse.

"I have been reading the old legend again, and I think that some delicate silent footgear is necessary. Rats are very suspicious and have ears like a poacher. I thought it as well not to let them hear my walk coming along the road. They might guess I am their enemy."

"Oh, I will get you a pair of mine, Mr. Morris. I have very big feet. Why did you not walk here and change?"

She smiled at him, and went into the house at the side of the factory and came out with an old pair of women's felt slippers.

Although they curled and cramped his toes, Morris found that they had a good thickness of sole, and, carrying his post-horn in its case, he followed Susan into the building. She took him between the vats and the steaming pipes and the bright steel and copper apparatus.

"You will have to hurry, Mr. Morris. The night shift comes on at six. This is the worst room for the rats. I suggest you walk through playing your horn and I will stand in the shadows to watch."

Morris unpacked his post-horn. "Remember

By walking briskly, Morris tried to avoid the dogs. But the pack grew bigger and bigger

please, Susan, that this cannot be played indefinitely. It demands great exertion from the player and a great compress of breath. I hope you have not forgotten the painting?"

She gave a long laugh and patted his shoulder.

"Never fear, Mr. Morris, we musicians must stand together. You play and I'll keep watch."

Morris walked along the white tiled floor playing the Post-horn Gallop. He went up and down the buildings, the noise vibrating against the roof.

Almost exhausted he came back to Susan, breathing hard.

She had now moved to the doorway of a little office, and he could see a desk and some glass apparatus inside.

"Wonderful, Mr. Morris," she called out.

"I can see no rats, Susan. Can't be a rat in the place."

"Oh, but you must play in here as well, Mr. Morris."

And she pointed to the little office.

Morris had a suspicion then that all was not well. She smiled at him again and said: "Come and play in here and then I will show you the order to paint and sign the contract if you feel inclined."

That was too much of a temptation, and he walked in, dragging his feet in the slippers. Once inside he tried to raise up his post-horn.

"No room in here, Susan," he said.

Still smiling she took the post-horn from him gently, at the same time walking quickly to the door, locking it and dropping the key into the pocket of her white overall.

Instantly Morris knew then that all was not well.

This woman had his post-horn and she had the key to the room. And the smile had gone from her face and a look of the most dreadful determination was there. She had the horn in her hands, very firmly; and for the first time Morris noticed how strong they were, although crippled and ungainly.

She spoke to him without opening her mouth much, hissing so that a little spittle trickled out of the corner of her tight mouth.

"Musician indeed. Sixteen years I have been itching to get even with you. You and your playing. Trying to shame me, that's what you are doing all the time. I am the official organist of Sant Parish Church, remember that."

Fearfully Morris looked at her. At any moment her hands seemed to be about to bend the slim post-horn over her knee. Even as he watched she gave it a stout blow with her fist.

"Toy trumpet, Morris, that's what you play. I play the organ and make wonderful music."

"Indeed you can, Susan, indeed you are a wonderful player. My trumpets are squawky things."

"And your brain and intelligence are equal to your playing, Mr. Morris. Fancy any grown-up man believing my talk about the Pied Piper. Fancy coming here to a tale like that."

Morris gulped. His adam's apple went up and down. But he decided that he would try to appease her and hear more of the painting before doing battle with her.

"The painting, Susan, what of that, please?"

"Oh, ho, my nephew signed the contract a week ago. He starts on Monday. I only got you here so that I could have my revenge. There is no room for two musicians in Sant, Mr. Morris. Be warned of what I say, there is no room for two of us, and I am the only true musician. As a first step I shall break your post-horn."

She lifted her knee and placed the horn across it, holding the ends in her hands.

Morris came to action then. But all he managed to achieve after an awkward struggle was the key from her pocket. And this was done at a cost, for as he took the key she placed the post-horn on the edge of the desk and, using her weight, bent it to a severe acute angle.

She seemed satisfied then and handed him the bent instrument with a little bow.

"There, Mr. Morris, a lesson for you and a souvenir as well."

Morris took the damaged post-horn from her and went quietly to the door, unlocked it and went into the factory.

There he found his case and walked slowly out into the spring sunlight.

The last he heard of her was a great laugh. "Mind your corns, Morris the Trumpets."

He didn't look back to answer her, but went on slowly to Sant village. He found his boots just by the Foxes, the uppers worn and bitten but the soles in good condition.

JENKINS the Plumber proved to be the best friend to Morris. In despair Morris went to the little workshop where the plumber sat every Saturday afternoon writing out his bills. There were some allotments just outside, and Morris left the two slippers of Susan on top of a small dung heap.

Jenkins took the bent horn and with vice and pipe-grips and his strong wide arms bent it back to decent shape again. And then he used little pieces of wood, padded with clothes, to rub out the dents and make the instrument apparently whole again.

It was only when Morris came to blow the thing that he found a difference. Before, the noise had been shrill and far-reaching; now it was reedy and rather plaintive. But Morris was indeed satisfied and went home feeling the winner from this battle of the musicians.

Morris, indeed, had the last laugh, a public laugh, over Susan. Morris went up to the church late that Saturday evening instead of his usual call at the Foxes. In the church, he took away the organ stool and hid it among the bells. There it remained until mid-week when he took it down again.

Poor Susan that Sunday had tried to play standing up. As she could not play sitting down, she was even more helpless on her feet. They got her a lectern to sit on, but that was too high. After that they made her a seat of hymn books, but it collapsed under her.

She went home then, and they sang joyfully without her.

Susan never came to play again and now Sant church has an organist who comes on a bicycle from the next parish and who fingers the stops constantly and can make thunder or the noise of wind.

Morris the Trumpets still plays his instruments. All know who stole the seat that Sunday. There is some talk of jealousy, but Morris cannot explain the truth of the whole affair.

For, after all, he is an artist, and, as an artist, would rather be thought a jealous man than be made a joke in the village. THE END

THE EMBRY ESCAPE

Continued from page 9

said to himself: Why didn't I learn my French decently at school? Oh, hell!

The man with the beard broke into a rapid patois. *"Je suis votre ami . . ."* said Embry. *"Mais les Allemands. . . ."* The flood of the other's speech continued. Its import was clear enough. They were everywhere, these Germans. Behind, in front, advancing on either side. The gestures were unmistakable. And then that sullen silence again and the dark, suspicious eyes. Embry turned from them and made his way swiftly towards the friendly promise of concealment in the crops.

It was then he saw Tom Whiting. He was walking towards him through the corn, scarcely seventy yards away. They caught sight of one another, recognized one another on the instant. Embry made the infantry signal to "close," whipping up his right hand to the crown of his head. Slowly, deliberately, they began to walk towards one another. As Embry reached the fringe of the cornfield, he heard the roar of a motor cycle combination again. He gave the signal to drop. Tom flung himself down and the guardian blades of green closed over him. Then, with one great stride into the field, Embry himself was flat on his face.

First Round To The Germans

He could see through the stalks, so close was he to the edge. The combination had drawn up by the farm. The same two German troopers were on their feet, racing towards the group of peasants. Embry hugged the ground, watching.

There was a rapid consultation by the fence, then the bearded man pointed. His arm was stretched out directly in the direction where Embry lay. The two Germans were across the intervening space within seconds. They stood ten yards in front of him, their weapons levelled. He rose to his feet. The game was up.

He had no intention of raising his hands in obvious surrender, but held his arms apart in a gesture of resignation. He stared at his captors with interest. Young, fair, erect, efficient and brisk. While one covered him steadily, the other ran his hands down Embry's sides, over his pockets, his hips. The one nodded to the other; then, indicating the combination, they led Embry towards it. There was nothing to do but comply. He took his seat in the sidecar.

They passed down the track, jolting their way towards the main road, and turned towards the wood which had been, so short a time ago, pinpointed as the squadron's target. Everywhere were German soldiers. They lined the road and were clustered together under the trees. At the roadside, trucks and mechanized vehicles, heavily camouflaged with branches and leaves, waited for the word to advance. The combination swung from the road into a glade.

At the end of the glade stood a group of German officers. The combination drew up beside them. The driver dismounted, saluted, then turned and beckoned Embry. A moment later he was before the senior German officer present.

"He Tells You To Salute!"

He was a dark young man, at least six foot two tall; immaculate, erect, clean-shaven. For several seconds they stood appraising one another, the elegant, tall figure and the stocky Irishman with the out-thrust underlip and the brilliant eyes. The German spoke in his own tongue. With his German on a par with the fluency of his French, Embry shrugged his shoulders.

This imperious young Prussian shouted. He opened his mouth and showed his big white teeth and writhing tongue, and the volley of his oaths was like a volley of pistol shots. The group of officers around him raised their heads momentarily from their maps and field service notebooks, and one in the uniform of the Luftwaffe stepped forward. A lean, fair-haired boy, he was a typical airman. He said in perfect English: "He is telling you to salute!"

"Oh!" said Embry. "I see. What's his rank?"

"Captain."

"My compliments to the captain," said Embry. "Tell him *I* am a colonel in the British service and colonels do not salute captains—*first!*"

"You wish me to pass that on?"

"Certainly," said Embry. The liaison officer turned to the Prussian. He spoke rapidly in German. The captain stood rigid. "Bah!" With a wave of his hand he dismissed the matter. There was the momentary shadow of a smile on the Luftwaffe officer's face. He turned to Embry again.

"Please to wait. You will be taken shortly to German headquarters where you will be looked after."

Guderian—Panzer Expert

Five minutes later, the Prussian captain, his light automatic slung over his shoulder, led Embry to a car. He sat in the back with the Prussian as escort. A word to the driver and they were sweeping down the glade between the trees and on to the metalled road again. Embry sat back in the cushioned seat with folded arms.

The car stopped. He felt a touch on his arm. The Prussian captain had stepped out. He jerked his head. Embry joined him. "Commander-in-Chief," said the captain briefly, and led Embry across the road to where a staff car stood. A click of the heels and a salute. Another touch on the arm and Embry stepped forward.

There was a driver in the front seat of the car and an armed escort on the running board. Beside the driver sat the general; in the back seat, a colonel; the general's staff officers stood in a half circle around the car. There was no mistaking the occupant. With his high-peaked hat squarely on his head, there sat the Panzer expert who was to send his cohorts racing towards Paris, General Guderian. The air of authority, the perfect poise, the distinguished mien, the arrogance—they were all there.

Embry took another step forward. He had no cap, so he didn't salute, but brought his heels together and his hands to his side at attention. An interpreter joined him.

The East Wind Grows Chilly

"You are to go with the general. Please get in." Embry sat beside the colonel in the back seat. They drove off into the twilight. A little wind had risen in the east and was blowing gently over the flat, wide land. It was growing chilly and Embry was getting hungry.

Once they stopped as darkness fell, for a swift consultation with a picket at a crossroads. The escort stayed with Embry, and the easterly wind crept more swiftly over the land and a solitary star twinkled. He shivered and rubbed his hands together. The staff colonel entered the car again, and the driver opened the door for Guderian. The general took his seat. He glanced behind. Then, without a word, he seized his greatcoat which rested on the seat beside him and threw it into Embry's lap.

"Thank you, sir," said Embry, and pulled the coat around his shoulders. Once, he remembered, a popular English novelist of the 1920s had used a Victorian child's copybook tag as a jesting sub-title to a novel: "When gentlefolk meet, courtesies are exchanged." He fell asleep. He awoke cold and famished from a cat-nap. It was pitch dark, and a moonless night. Only the side lights of the car were on. They were stationary before the high dark piles of a great building.

"Please." It was the German colonel at his side. Again the pressure on the arm. Embry began to climb out. He handed the general's overcoat back to him. Guderian sat motionless, indifferent. A voice at his side said in perfect English: "Be good enough to come with me, if you please." He heard the general's car start and move away as he entered the house. He saw momentarily a dimly lit and vast hall with a noble staircase before him, and then he was in a small bare room, with a table and two chairs.

"Please take a seat. I am arranging some food for you."

"Thank you," said Embry, and took stock of his new companion. A young man, with the rank of major, rugged, redheaded, genial. He joined Embry at the table. "What were you up to when you were shot down?"

"Reconnaissance."

"How many were there in your crew?" And, again with Tom in mind: "Two."

The door opened and an orderly entered. He carried a tray with a loaf of brown bread, a bottle of wine and a plate of tinned meat. He laid out knife and fork and glass. He clicked his heels and went out. "Help yourself. We can talk while you're eating."

But the fork was already moving towards Embry's mouth. In a little time he lay back in his chair. He drained off his second glass of wine. There was something strangely untypically German about the man opposite to him. Selected for his task, no doubt, whatever it might be. But now, with his hunger appeased, warm and with wine taken—now was the hour to be careful.

"Not quite as comfortable as your own mess in England, but better than nothing, no doubt." Embry made no reply. "It's colder here, too, than in the South of England. . . ."

"I'm grateful for your hospitality," said Embry, "but you're not going to find out where I come from." They smiled at one another.

"Oh, I merely surmised that you'd have operated from the south or south-east. I don't know that part myself, but I have relatives in Scotland. Oddly enough, my name's MacLean. I am looking forward to being in Scotland again quite soon."

"I've no doubt you will be," said Embry, "as a prisoner of war." The German laughed. "Oh,

This wartime snapshot comes from Sir Basil's album.

Embry (on the left) was then a wing commander

no! England's lost the war already. Tell me, how much damage have our bombers done to London?"

"London has not been bombed."

"Oh, but it has. Our official sources say so."

"Then your official sources are unreliable."

"And Belgium has capitulated."

"Poppycock," said Embry, though later he was to learn that the latter statement was true.

"You English are crazy," said the German. "You let us build a bridge and bring our guns up, and then attack it, instead of attacking when we are building. There was that affair at Maastricht. We were allowed to cross the river, and then your Blenheims attacked. They were brilliant. But it was too late. You may have heard of it?"

"I seem to remember something about it," said Embry, who had led that very sortie on the Maastricht bridge!

The German glanced at his wrist-watch. "I will have them show you where you will sleep. We are using the stables as a guardroom. This is German headquarters."

"Oh!" said Embry. "And where might that be?"

"I'll give you the same answer as you gave me," said the German, and they both laughed again. But as the German opened the door he paused and his manner changed. He said brusquely: "Are you going to try to escape?"

"Would you?" said Embry, not wishing to be tricked into any suggestion of giving parole. "Would you try to escape if you were in my position?"

"No," said the German called MacLean, "I should not. And the reason I should not is because this place is the best and most closely guarded in France. You would be shot within five seconds of the attempt. Shall we leave it at that? Now, please to follow me."

NEXT WEEK: Under the muzzles of machine guns, Embry makes a desperate bid for freedom—and meets new dangers. . . . This story of the Embry Escape comes from the book, "Wingless Victory," by Anthony Richardson, which will be published later in the autumn

A VERY ABLE MAN

Continued from page 11

club chairs for visitors. One of the girls seemed to spend all her time making tea for him.

I drew a deep breath. "I give up," I muttered. "How do you do it, Dan?"

He gave me a pained look. "There's no point in being uncomfortable, old boy." For the first time I thought I saw a gleam of cold worldly-wisdom in his sleepy, grey eyes. "The more you ask for, the more they're impressed." I digested this for a few seconds. Then he said softly: "Haven't you noticed, Arthur? It's a fundamental principle of life; people get paid *more* for doing *less*. That's why Gosling's a millionaire. He doesn't do *anything*."

I could see no flaw in Dan's argument. "But Dan," I said feebly, "you don't *know* anything about our export business!"

"Of course not." He raised his brows sharply. "So much the better. I approach it with a fresh mind. Besides, I have capable assistants!" He glanced affectionately at me. "It's simply a question of getting together the right staff and letting the show run itself."

DAN'S career at Emmett and Goslings went from strength to strength. I resigned myself to the bitterness of being a lifelong "right-hand man." It was I who prepared sheaves of figures, sales charts, estimates, commercial campaigns, and Dan who approved and signed them. Sometimes he would outline some vague scheme to me and add blandly: "I know I can confidently leave the details to you, Arthur. I just haven't time to attend to them myself."

I learnt then that there is nothing more inimical to success in business than to be good at detail work: it labels you as a backroom boy for all eternity.

I couldn't help noticing that Dan came to the office later and later every morning, and went home earlier and earlier every evening. He had by now bought a country house, and spent long weekends there—Friday to Tuesday.

"I find I can work so much better at home," he told me comfortably. "I don't know why, but I just can't get up in the morning." Dan's method of work was to lie in bed until about ten, telephoning instructions to his office, and talking to important clients at theirs. This meant that by the time he arrived at Emmett and Goslings he had already taken the day's major decisions.

He was still spending a great deal of time at his clubs and seemed to do a large amount of his business there. He played golf twice a week with the Honourable Victoria Gosling, Lord Gosling's daughter; and before his first year at the firm was completed, he married her. She was a mild, maternal girl who accepted Dan's ways unquestioningly.

At business conferences, Dan was invariably late. He would find Lord Gosling, the directors and top executives huddled round the table in agonies of doubt and discussion, already harassed and tired. Gosling's face would light up as Dan entered the boardroom. "Ah, Freeman! Let's have your reaction. It'll be a great help. We can't decide whether the Popular Model should retail at £250 or £320. . . ."

Dan would drop easily into his armchair, light his pipe, and smile: "Two-fifty, of course. But surely it's obvious?"

Dan's comfortable voice, unworried, fresh, confident, had an immediate effect on the meeting. The tension would relax. Everybody breathed more freely and cheered up.

Afterwards Dan would confide to me: "Always take snap decisions, old boy. A proportion of them are bound to be right. Anything to save trouble. The way they sit around worrying their guts out! Like a lot of vultures without a a carcass to peck at. . . ."

Alone among the higher executives of Emmett and Goslings, Dan Freeman never had a nervous breakdown or a stomach ulcer. His was the golden gift of relaxation: because he didn't really take things seriously; didn't really care; invariably chose the easy way out. Conserving energy; avoiding crowds and rush-hours; remaining fresh when everyone else was jaded.

I did not see much of him during the war. I served diligently and ended up as an overworked staff captain. Dan, of course, was a lieutenant-colonel.

Returning to civilian life, I began, slowly, to see a certain greatness in Dan Freeman. As time went on, he fell naturally into a directorship of Emmett and Goslings. Almost immediately, without apparent effort, he began to accumulate other directorships. Soon he was doing nothing at all but attending board meetings. Even at these he arrived late and left early. He now had the reputation of being one of the busiest men in London; the less he was seen, the busier he was assumed to be. Financial columns of newspapers described him as "an outstanding City personality," and "a very able man."

Dan received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours List two or three years ago; and he became an adviser to the Board of Trade soon afterwards. The pattern of his effortless life seemed complete, his career unshakable. Calm, unhurried, apparently lazy, frequently too late, but adapting himself shruggingly to new situations, he seemed to me to personify the queer, divinely protected genius of the British people.

It was with a deep sense of tragedy, therefore, that I read of an appalling plane crash over Mexico. It was one of the several accidents which were headlined "the worst disaster in the history of aviation." The aircraft, I knew, had on board several members of a British trade delegation to (I think) Nicaragua.

I knew that among them was Sir Daniel Freeman. No details were yet available; there it was, in the Stop Press: "Sixty-four Missing—No Survivors."

For several minutes I was stunned with horror. Was this the reward destiny had meted out to Dan Freeman? Had his life of effortless success, harmless, easygoing lateness and laziness—if it was laziness—deserved no better end than this? Poor devil. Poor Dan Freeman. Damn it, I'd liked the man, in spite of everything.

MY heart went out to his widow. Impulsively I reached for the phone. I called Dan's country house, and waited for the butler's voice.

A split second later I nearly dropped the receiver. With a shock like a violent punch in the stomach I heard a cheery voice:

"Hallo? Why, Arthur! How are you, old man?"

Dan's voice: comfortable, lazy, unmistakable.

"Dan!" I gave a kind of strangled gasp.

"What on earth's the matter, old man?"

"Dan!" I choked. "You're safe! You're alive!"

"What? Well, of course I am, old man."

"But the plane, Dan! You weren't on it!"

Dan's voice changed from mystification to mild self-reproof. "No, old man. Missed the bloody thing, I'm afraid. You know how bad I am at getting up in the morning."

"And you haven't seen the papers?"

"Eh? No, old man. Gallagher called me, but—well, I suppose I must have fallen asleep again." He yawned. "They'll just have to start the wretched conference without me."

I gulped. "That's right, Dan." My voice faded out to a husky whisper. "They'll—just have to—start without you."

Shakily I hung up the receiver. I couldn't trust myself to say another word. Through the daze of my feelings I seemed to hear my old father's voice telling me: "Always be on the platform five minutes before the train's due to arrive. Punctuality never hurt anybody." And suddenly, unreasonably, I was glad I wasn't Dan Freeman, for it seemed, at that moment, natural and decent; damn it, it was a principle worth dying for.

THE END

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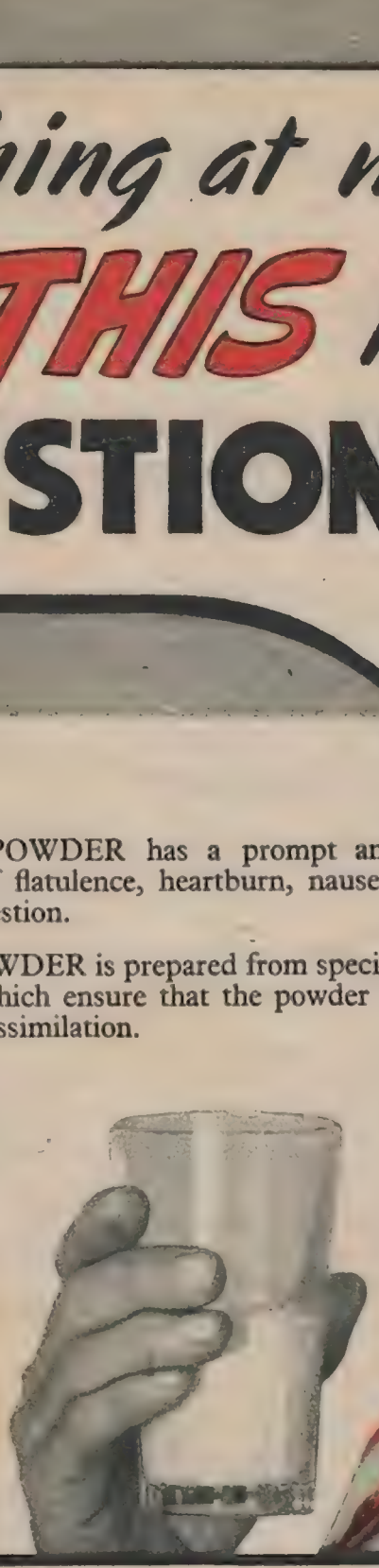

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THE SCARLET SWORD

Continued from page 18

thoughtfulness, Crane said "Thanks" and sat down opposite the colonel and began to put on his shoes.

"This is a naughty boy," the colonel said. "He doesn't eat his breakfast.

Dark-eyed, partly frightened, partly sleepy, the boy sat with his hands under the table, a tin plate of millet in front of him. With big oiled eyes he looked from the colonel to Crane and slowly back again.

Three nuns were busy about the stove. One of them presently brought Crane a slice of bread and butter and a mug of cocoa.

"Look at the big man," the colonel said. Crane held the mug with hands, drinking slowly, letting the steam bathe his tired face. "He eats his breakfast. You see how big he is."

THE boy did not move. The millet was almost cold on the plate and the colonel picked a little of it up in a spoon.

"Come on," he said. "Everybody feels better when they've had breakfast. Don't they, Crane?"

"Does he understand?"

"He understands. He speaks English. He goes to school with the nuns."

Crane began to bite slowly at the bread and butter. The boy watched him, lifting his face with the slightest movement of shy response from the plate.

"He can sing like the others," the colonel said, "only he didn't feel like singing." He let the millet slide from the spoon back to the plate. "He's too hungry."

The boy did not look at Mathieson, but sat watching Crane instead. Crane ate slowly at the bread and butter. He smiled once, but the boy had no response, and after another drink Crane said: "They say the Pathans have gone to the front. What do you make of that?"

"They went off in trucks. I heard them."

"Could there be a front?"

"It ran through here last night. I know that. Yes, I suppose there could."

"You need some sleep."

"There's a lot to be done. We can sleep afterwards. When do we start?"

"There's no need for you to do anything."

"Some boys play football, but they have to eat breakfast and drink cocoa," the colonel said. He let the spoon fall back gently into the boy's plate, taking up the mug of cocoa instead. The boy did not lift his eyes. "The digging did us all a power of good yesterday. You said so yourself."

"We can manage."

"I want to come."

He spoke simply, finally, so that Crane felt no need for argument. With a sort of absent tenderness the colonel put his right hand on the boy's head, smoothing it down his hair. The children sang, a little louder than before, from the hospital ward. The boy, hearing it, lifted his face, slowly and flatly, in a movement that seemed to free him from the bondage of his cooling plate of millet, the untouched cocoa and the gentle coaxing of a man he did not understand.

As he sat there, his face freed and clear, listening as it were with his eyes, all the response the colonel had sought in him and had not woken came suddenly to life. Big, slow tears began to fall brightly and soundlessly from the eyes that had seemed oiled over and unawakened.

The colonel continued to smooth his hand down the dark hair, so that it seemed as if he were easing the tears in their fall. The boy did not cry out.

From behind him the colonel smiled at Crane, saying something disconnected about: "You see, he cannot find his sister—it was a little difficult"—his voice disjointed and broken because, Crane saw, all at once, that he was crying, too. His tears fell as suddenly as the child's and he let them fall in the same way, making no attempt to stop them, and now it was as if the colonel were free of bondage, too. It was almost a pleasure that at last the tears could fall; that now the game was over, and suddenly he picked the boy up in his arms and said: "Get the spades. I'll be out there. We've a lot to do."

He went through the kitchen door with the boy in his arms. Crane, remembering the rabbits, picked up his uneaten bread, and at that moment Father Simpson came in from the corridor.

"Sister Teresalina is not behind the chapel," he said. His face was yellow under dark thorns of beard and his lips were shaking. "She is not with the rest."

ABOUT noon the Afridi tribal officer appeared in a truck, driving it himself, bringing four wounded men. One of these men stood with leathery glare in the sunlight, holding what remained of a shattered forearm. Crane could see blue-white splinters of bone thrust like torn roots from earth-brown flesh. The Pathan stood summarily to attention by the bonnet of the truck, glaring inscrutably beyond the three Europeans, beyond the terraces, beyond the succeeding folds of tree and rock and ricefields. Blood dripped from the smashed flesh of the arm and slowly down the fingers of the hand that held it, like a scarlet-leaking tap, but on the face above, with its aggravated thrustful stare, there was no hint of pain.

The Afridi officer came down to the orchard, saluting with formality the three men who were digging the trench.

"I wish to offer my apologies to you for some incidents that took place last night." His English had the succinct high accent, exaggerated by precise strong lips, of the Indian who has been carefully taught. "I am very sorry."

"Thank you for those few kind words," Mathieson said. His face was very white. The skin had a sort of crustiness because he had not shaved.

"My men have no etiquette," the Afridi officer said.

Even Mathieson laughed.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Etiquette is hardly the word for what your men have not got," Father Simpson said.

"What should I say?" They did not answer. "My men are warriors. There is a war," he said.

"Then let them get off to the damn war," Mathieson said. "For God's sake, what are they doing murdering women in convents?"

"I agree." The young Afridi, torn by conflicting memories of his mother, looked troubled. "It was very stupid. It was not right."

"It was not etiquette," the colonel said.

The Afridi officer, more than ever troubled, did not answer, and Father Simpson said: "We were told you were leaving for the front. Are you? Is there a front?"

"No." He was momentarily confused. "I mean there is a front but we are not leaving."

"If you are not leaving will you allow us to leave?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"There is a war. The convent is in the line. It is very important. It is not possible——"

"It is not etiquette," the colonel said.

Father Simpson threw down his spade and came up, furious and blundering, out of the trench. "With one truck you could evacuate us to the rest-house across the river. Most of us could walk if you gave us safe passage. It would not take more than a single day."

"I have no trucks."

"What the bloody hell is that up there?" the colonel shouted.

"It is for the wounded," the Afridi said. "I cannot spare it."

"Why have you brought them back here?" Father Simpson said.

"This is my headquarters."

"And your hospital?"

"Yes."

"You have the callous effrontery to stand there and tell me that after the pain and misery and murder your men have done—" the priest raged, his body quivering fatly and terribly, sweat pricking out on his trembling face. "You murder and rape half the women here and then come snivelling to be nursed by the rest——"

"Father, Father," Colonel Mathieson said. "It is not etiquette."

"I am sorry." The priest, abruptly deflated, terribly pained, his anger gone, stood with hands limp at his sides, humbly and contritely staring at the grass. Just before him, almost under his feet, lay a yellow half-rotten apple, and slowly he crushed it with his right foot, as if crushing out the last of his bitterness.

"I am forgetting myself again." He looked up at the young officer. "It is not for me to refuse the use of this place to you or anyone else. What do you want?"

"I have one seriously wounded man."

CRANE stood watching the Afridi by the bonnet of the truck. The tap of blood was running a little faster and it seemed as if now, at any moment, the arm would break away and fall.

The Afridi officer said: "He needs a doctor. You have a doctor. I saw her this morning."

"Yes," the colonel said. "Your men killed her husband and then raped her for good luck. Or was it good etiquette?—you would know."

"It is very hard not to be bitter," the priest said, "but she will not refuse you. She has no bitterness."

"Thank you," the young Afridi said.

"She has no anaesthetics, either."

"The Pathans are a brave people," the colonel said.

"I am very grateful," the officer said. "I thank you." Stiffly, unhappily, he turned to go.

"Always at your service," the colonel said. "No charge."

Father Simpson, anger flushing back into his face, called out too: "Is there nothing we can expect in return?"

The Afridi officer came back. "What do you mean?"

"Will you give some guarantee that the ghastly business of last night won't be repeated?"

"In war there is no guarantee about anything."

"Only etiquette," the colonel said.

"How long will you be here?" Father Simpson said.

"Impossible to say. Who can tell?"

"Will you at least give us some immunity until we have buried the dead?"

"You may have until six tonight."

"Thank you," Father Simpson said. "And after that?"

"Everything will depend on the course of the fighting."

Crane, who had not spoken, came up from the trench. "A Tempest came over this morning to have a look at you. I hope you saw it."

"I saw it."

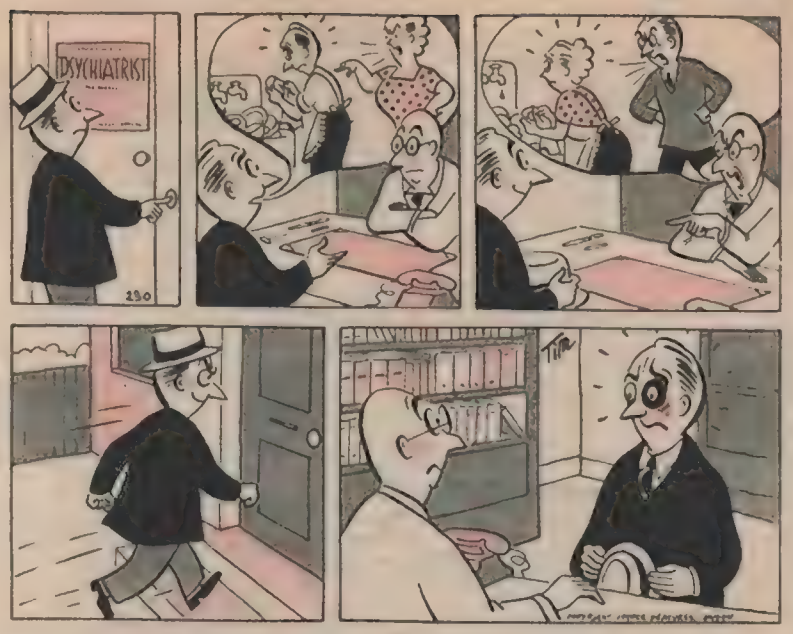
"You know damn well you've got trucks," Crane said. "We've seen them."

"I have trucks: yes. But not for evacuation."

"I was not thinking about that," Crane said. "I was thinking about the Tempests."

"They are not our Tempests," the

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



THE HUMAN MACHINE

There's still time

I'VE always liked the story of the Japanese boy who, after an earthquake, asked a merchant to buy a picture postcard. "I'm raising a million dollars for the relief fund, sir," he said.

"A million dollars!" exclaimed the man. "All by yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the boy. "There's another boy helping me."

That is an outlook based on real courage and real faith. Don't ever think humanity is incapable of improvement. The Christian Era isn't yet a million days old.

The little Japanese boy had more real faith in humanity than most of us have.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Afridi said. "I am not responsible for them."

"He is only responsible for the boys having plenty of fun," the colonel said.

"The minute you start using this convent as a lorry park you're responsible," Crane said.

"Who has said I am using it as a lorry park?"

"Well, aren't you?"

Up on the terrace the wounded Afridi seemed to grasp his arm a little tighter, his inscrutable, dark stare broken by a fragment of pain for the first time, and the officer said: "We are fighting for our existence," and turned suddenly with a curious proud finality and walked away.

The colonel bowed with bitter politeness. "We thank you for ours," he said.

Now the wounded Afridi broke at last his attitude of frozen, pained attention, turning away to follow the officer in a curt movement that sprayed blood in a scarlet arc across his tribal robe. The shattered arm was held in position precariously, crookedly, like a cracked carrot.

Colonel Mathieson said: "We've got a lot of work to do, Father. Come on."

Standing with head slightly bowed, as if in prayer or simply struggling with conflicting remnants of anger and contrition and pain and fear, the priest said in a low voice: "I know. I'll come in a moment. Carry on."

Crane moved towards the trench, walking past the ungainly, deflated figure of the priest, with its curious crumpled bagginess that simply heightened all its pain. At the edge of the trench that was to be a common grave, the colonel stood sardonically aside.

"After you, Crane," he said. "We must not forget our etiquette," and Crane jumped in.

THEY buried the dead at five o'clock that afternoon. A few Pathans guarded the gate; some others did cooking in the wood beyond the orchard but the rest had not come back. The Afridi officer had driven the truck away to a front of whose exactness of line he seemed a little uncertain.

Crane stood with Julie Maxted and the colonel ten or fifteen yards away from the grave they had dug that morning, below the steps, on the slope of trees. He had not wanted either of them to come. Their own insistence in coming had grown simply because he had spoken against it too much.

By the grave, at one end, stood Father Anstey, with McAlister and those nuns, six altogether, including the young Alsatian girl, who could be spared from the ward. One of these nuns, a German, was very old, and Crane did not remember seeing her before. She had a face like a potato twisted by earth, its eyes flattened by age and time into lidless scars. Her hands were machines of bone, antiquated and yellow, sliding about her habit in swift manipulation, systematically making signs of the cross as if they were repeated patterns worked on a garment. He saw her mouth moving in dark, swift gapes of tireless prayer, the head up and then down, the hands weaving in the pattern of supplication.

At the other end of the grave Father Simpson stood with Dr. Baretta. Her husband had not been found and Crane could not see her face. She was simply a flag-like image of white revealed in occasional flaps of her hospital smock behind the immense frame of the priest, who had not been able to find his vestments and had rigged up for himself a stole of surgical bandages that flowed out from his enormous neck like a scarf.

Behind them the sun threw across the hills an elongated and rising strip of

"Let us know when you intend to come over, so Helen can clean up the place"

light that seemed to be pushed upward by a colossal bar of shadow, towards the snow. Crane watched this bar of light, his mind drugged by the noise of the minah-birds, the intonations of Father Anstey, the curious militant tone of Father Simpson, the murmur of the nuns' responses in reply, with a feeling of being hypnotized by its slow ascension, of being pulled drowsily upward to the extreme height of earth, to all the great, high distances of India and the pinking, glittering snow.

Tired out, bludgeoned by events, he discovered that he could not feel any longer. He could not think; he was being dragged away. It was as if he were callous to all that was happening, or bored, or stupefied, as if he were falling asleep where he stood.

A moment later he knew that he was staggering forward, that he was really falling asleep.

His brain cleared abruptly and he looked round at his side for Julie Maxted. She was not there and the colonel said: "She went."

"Where? How long?"

"Only a minute." His mouth twisted; he seemed about to make, Crane thought, another of his quips about etiquette, and then smiled. It was painfully touching and Crane could not bear it.

"You don't mind?" he said, and remained only long enough to see the colonel, still with that curious twisted smile on his mouth, looking grievously and bitterly young, shake his head.

JULIE MAXTED was walking slowly along the path towards the cabbage patch where Father Simpson kept his rabbits. Crane called after her: "Julie." She did not answer, but he knew that she had heard. She went on walking and he called again. This time she put out her left hand. She did not turn again and the outstretched hand, held there for him to take, had on him the same unbearable effect as the colonel's smile.

"Oh! God!" he said. "I was dreaming—standing there—I didn't even know you'd gone."

"I didn't want you to know." She stood bravely, not crying, talking in a whisper. "Is it over?"

"No."

"I couldn't bear it any more. Will they mind? Will Father Simpson mind?"

"No."

"He's always very sweet to me."

He took the hand she had held out to him; he held it lightly as they walked. After some moments she took it away again, grasping his own instead.

"What's going to happen?" she said. He knew that she was talking almost purely for the sake of talking, and he said: "I don't know. Nobody knows. When this Afridi officer comes back we shall be at him again."

"Can he stop it? Can he get us out?"

"I don't think so."

She walked on as if thinking about that: a little ahead of him, still grasping his hand. They had reached the garden where the cabbages, in blue-green lines, like vast, hard roses, had already a bloom on them in the evening air.

A crisp and shattering burst of fire, quite close down the hillside, startled both of them. He felt her tighten her grasp on his hand, and the sharpness drove out the last of the drugged sleepiness that had held him mesmerized, watching the sun.

Another burst of fire, a little closer, set the rabbits lumping and bounding about in their hutches, as he remembered he had heard them doing in the night.

"They probably need feeding," he said, and began to break off cabbage leaves as he walked down the path. She broke off a few leaves also with her free hand.

She stood by the hutches, letting his hand go at last, holding several big crinkled cabbage leaves against her body.

He took the wooden peg from the iron staple of the door and said: "He must have kept rabbits at home, as a boy." He undid the door. "I mean Father Simpson." In the hutch the two rabbits retreated, pounding into dark corners. Crane stretched in his hand, catching smooth, naked ears, and brought a rabbit out, holding it against his chest, smoothing the hard, silky head with his free hand.

"Hold it," he said. She lifted up her hands to take the rabbit from him; it felt a second of freedom and leapt, struggling, away from his chest. "All right, hold it where it is," he said, and she held it with her two hands just below her face.

The rabbit, lifting its head, screened for a moment the lower part of her face, so that Crane remembered, with a startled and acute flash, the very first moment he had ever seen her, in something of that same attitude, bright, black eyes only visible, watching him, as she folded the blanket in the ward. That moment of his first glimpse of her seemed suddenly so real that all he had wanted to say to her and could not say came rushing out, with clumsy tenderness.

"I wanted to say something. There was nowhere to talk of it and I wanted to say it all the time, but somehow there was nowhere: this is an awful place to fall in love."

"I love you, too," she said.

"Oh! God!" He looked about him as he held her. He could almost feel and smell the dead. The air was cool, fungoid, revolting. He wanted to run. "I hate it. I want to get out."

"It isn't bad." She smiled. She had a way of smiling so that her lips were pressed outward in a long, soft line. "Not so bad. We shall be together. It's all right."

He looked down at her. The rabbit had raised its head, covering her smile. She looked as if wrapped in a white fur. Only the black eyes were visible above it, warm and sparkling.

"You're so lovely, and I can't bear it," he said. He felt all the life between them drawn out, thread-like, ready to snap. The tension of quietness in the air grew ominously sharper. She let her head drop sideways, pressing her cheek against the rabbit's head, looking up at him, and he heard a truck grinding through its gears down the hill.

"Are you married?" she said.

He shook his head.

"Tell me if you are. Don't be afraid to tell me. It doesn't matter."

"I'm not afraid. There's nothing to tell."

"I'm awfully glad," she said. "I was going to pretend it didn't make any difference, but somehow it does, and it isn't the same."

"I'd make a bad husband, but I'd be a good co-respondent," he said. "You could always divorce me."

IT was meant as a joke, but it was a bad joke and he saw the cheapness of it reflected on her face. He was miserable and wished he had never spoken.

"That wasn't very nice and I'm terribly sorry," he said.

"You haven't even kissed me and you talk about divorce," she said. She smiled, this time very slightly, wanly, not happy. "You'd better begin now if you think like that."

"I can't get near you because of the rabbit."

"The rabbit can be moved," she said. "It needn't come between us."

He was glad then because she was teasing him, and a moment later she bent down and put the rabbit on the path. When she stood up it was again exactly as it had been when he had first seen her in the ward. The rabbit, like the blanket, had dropped away; all the front of her body was suddenly open and free. At the first touch of it he felt a spark of agony race down his veins, sharp and unbearably exquisite.

He shut his eyes, hearing the truck, now joined by another, grinding its gears up the hill. He kissed her in a single, long kiss, her lips open hungrily, and smoothed his hands backwards and forwards across her body. He felt her terribly moved, struggling against it as the rabbit had struggled in her hands.

He was still kissing her when he heard the Tempest coming up the valley. Her breasts and her mouth were warm; he

felt himself drowning in an intolerable dark sweetness, the horror of the day finally expunged. He felt himself shut out the Tempest, fiercely rejecting it, determined not to let it enter their screened isolated world, and then he heard it begin firing, the cannon-shell bursting with shocking nearness up the hill.

He actually heard a shell hit the wall of the Mission just beyond them as he threw the girl down on the path. Like a tiny echo of it he heard the rabbit squeak somewhere underneath the rows of cabbage leaves. The girl did not cry out and a second later the Tempest was over the garden, like a fantastically travelling lid, beating and flattening the two of them against the earth.

He did not know how long they lay there together after the plane had gone over, clattering and firing on down the valley, but when at last he turned to look at her it was still light enough to see her face.

He touched her face with both hands and she smiled, the smile so brave and painful that he could not bear what he felt for her and was dumb.

"You see what I mean," she said. "You kissed me once and it was nearly the last time," and he felt all his body weeping bitterly.

MCALISTER lay awake on the floor of the ward, watching cold oblongs of moonlight at the windows, listening to the noise of truck-gears whining up the hill. Now and then across the ward a child stirred, making small noises of restlessness in its sleep: undertones for the irregular bronchial coughing of the elderly German nun on night-duty by the door.

The ward had never been so quiet since the Pathans, twenty-four hours before, had stormed up the hill. Exhaustion had gradually crept over it, thickly clotting over crowded bodies, drugging them. There was no bed for McAlister to sleep on. She lay on bare boards with her spare underclothes stuffed in a pillow-case under her head, her body covered with a torn priest's habit found for her by Crane.

Her thoughts were focused on Crane. Crane, whenever he could spare a moment from Miss Maxted or Father Simpson or Colonel Mathieson in the task of digging in the orchard, had been distinctly attentive. Her reaction to the moment when the Pathan had ripped her clothes from her, like a skin, had been delayed. It had taken anger and terror a whole day to diffuse and filter down through her consciousness and crystallize quietly into the oddest sort of pleasure.

The moment when she had run nakedly and with hysterical rage across the terrace and Crane had covered her body was still extraordinarily stark and vivid, but her terror had gone. There remained only a flame of her temper that every now and then sprang up again with viciousness at the thought of her humiliation. Whenever it passed, the sensation of pleasure was left: a feeling of protective comfort, of another body sheltering and covering her own, that soothed and calmed her nerves.

Down the ward a child began to cry, and before the German nun by the door could stir, McAlister was picking her way through the lines of sleeping bodies. The child, a Hindu boy, lying on a bed with four others, looked up at her with black eyes half-clouded with sleep and the beginnings of tears. He groped into the air with his hands, not knowing where he was. She folded the hands down under the blanket, turning the child over, not speaking, pressing the small body into the shape of the other three.

The child did not cry again, but half way up the ward McAlister heard, from somewhere beyond the terrace, a new outbreak of Pathan shouting. She felt a murmur like a shudder go through the ward, and for some moments she stood still among the beds, angry, waiting for the children to wake and cry.

She heard the gears of a truck crashed in, an engine revved to a roar. Blast you! Blast you! she thought, all her rage of the previous night streaming furiously back. It made her recall, for some reason, Dr. Baretta setting the smashed forearm of the Pathan brought in that morning: cleaning it, setting it, bandaging it, putting it in splints, tying the final sling; calmly, simply, inscrutably, efficiently, never speaking.

Not me, she thought. Not me. Their arms can rot off. Let them walk about on stumps. Damn you! she thought. Why can't you leave us? Why can't you go home?

She stood for a few moments, waiting, and then she saw that Crane had come into the ward by the door through which Father Simpson had stormed the previous night. She knew that the three men were sleeping on the floor outside and it struck her in a moment that something was wrong.

Crane leaned by the wall, waiting for her.

"What is it, Mr. Crane? Something the matter?"

"Nothing. It's all right."

"What made you come in?"

"The noise, that's all. I wondered——"

"I'll make them damn well wonder," she said. "What the hell are they kicking up that racket for? Waking everybody up. We'll have the whole ward screaming again."

"They're having fun," he said.

"The next one that has fun with me can look out for himself," she said. "In the morning I'm finding a carving knife."

Crane laughed. They had spoken in whispers and her voice had a low whistle of temper.

"You ought to get some sleep," he

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A Hammering
At Our Factory Dance
Hotly Denounced
Pedestrian's Nightmare
Biding His Time
Auntie's Goldfish
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Folded Up
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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Whatever We.....
Pride Of The.....
Gives.....The Creeps
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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s, if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 7, and in JOHN BULL, dated October 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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Continued from next column

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Continued in previous column

told her. "I slept this afternoon," she said. All the irritation went. "What about yourself?"

"I'm all right. It's just the beds are a bit hard."

She looked back down the ward; it was quieter now; the child was not crying. The German nun coughed into her hand by the middle door and McAlister said: "I'll come outside and talk a bit. Do you mind?"

"No."

In the corridor outside, another small brass oil-lamp burned on the wall by the door of a small washroom; at the farther end Father Simpson and Colonel Mathieson were asleep on the floor. Crane shut the door behind McAlister and leaned against the wall, listening. She flattened herself against the wall opposite him, by the oil-lamp, small face tight-lipped, hard little Scottish chin thrust out and averted.

He stared across at her. The small, fierce eyes moved relentlessly to and fro and would not look at him.

"You look tired. You ought to sleep," he said.

"Somebody's got to keep awake."

"Cigarette?" he said.

"No." She looked across at him sharply, directly. "You're not doing that to me again. Get thee behind me, Mr. Crane."

"You don't mind if I do?" he said.

"You know I'll mind," she said.

He lit the cigarette with his lighter. He breathed out smoke in a long, slow cloud, above his head. She did not speak. He put the lighter in his pocket, and outside, noisily, too fast, a truck moved away over the gravel of the far terrace, and some voices shouted.

"Noisy brutes," she said. The truck moved down the hill; the voices were quiet again. "I'll give them one thing, though."

"What?"

"They've got guts." She began talking of the Pathan with the smashed forearm. Except for her voice it was uncannily quiet in the stone passage; there was no sound at all from the ward or the terrace outside. "He just lay on the bed and looked up while Dr. Baretta probed for the bullet." Crane watched her tired face: small, beady brown eyes, brilliant even in fatigue, against the flat, white wall. "'Does it hurt?' Dr. Baretta said, and all he said was: 'I eat raw meat. I like it.'"

He saw her head turn as if she were about to speak again. In the same moment there was a rush of voices in the adjoining corridor behind her. He heard a brassy jangle of tribal accoutrements as if Pathans were leaping down the corridor in great strides. Father Simpson stirred on the floor, throwing back his blanket, and Crane remembered, just in time, the little washroom where the lamp burned. He took hold of McAlister's hand and pulled her in a single terrific bound across the corridor and pushed her into the washroom, slamming the door.

Four Pathans had come in by the door from the central ward. He had no time to speak or move again before

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Across Clues **XWORD 701**

1. Support given by these is welcomed
3. Many married couples quarrel because their life together can be truly described as
5. It's pretty slow work cutting your way through thick one
8. Wealthy yachtsman doesn't expect to meet with any difficulties about
9. Children don't usually keep rabbits just for
10. There are many places where music is taught that could do with better one
12. Those who are this don't want your pity
14. When attacking forces are this, their casualties may be reduced

Down Clues

1. Pleasing prospect is occasionally blighted by
2. There's something hollow about one
4. Wrestler may try, against more powerful opponent
6. Garden one is often pleasanter after rain
7. However hard one tries, it may be impossible to get
11. Student of economics shouldn't ignore
13. However fine the individual soldiers may be, it is advisable they should be well this

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 696

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Shafts. 3, New. 5, Load. 6, Gaps. 10, Giles. 13, Loss. 14, Spell. DOWN: 1, Show. 2, Flat. 4, Winner. 7, Mess. 8, Glum. 9, Gull. 11, Food. 12, Fox.

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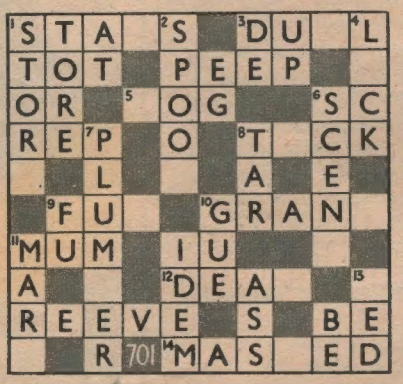

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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Father Simpson, ponderous and blundering in trousers and vest, his braces tight across his body, was striding past him.

The Pathans, carrying oil-lamps, swayed with a sort of theatrical ferocity down the corridor to meet him; and one shouted, swinging his lamp, in a curious, stilted, thin English: "Where are your women? Where are they?"

"There are no women. You're drunk," Father Simpson said. "Get out."

"We are here for women," the Pathan said.

"You are drunk. There are no women. Where is Sikander Shah?"

"Who?" the Pathan said. "Who? Who you say?"

"Your officer!" the priest roared.

"Officer! Officer! No officer! Where are the women?"

"There are no women," the priest said slowly. He stood fatly, bravely, in the centre of the corridor.

A Pathan swung his lantern in a half-circle of excited rage and Colonel Mathieson said: "The bastards will kill you, Father."

The colonel came up the corridor, putting his hands on the priest's shoulders. The priest did not move. The Pathan swung his lantern again and the priest held up his hands to protect himself.

When the lantern struck his wrists he fell backwards by the wall. He rebounded from it with a tremendous shudder of rage to the centre of the corridor, bouncing and quivering there, shouting: "There are no women. Get out, I tell you! Get out!"

The Pathan who spoke English hit him in the face. The priest did not stagger. Colonel Mathieson held him by the shoulders as if to steady him or hold him away, but the priest shook himself free.

"Where is your officer? When does he come back? Where is Sikander Shah?"

In the ward a child cried and the Pathan hit the priest for the third time. The priest fell down. He made a wild and stupid lunge with both fists, overbalancing as he fell. He lay on the floor for a second or two until Colonel Mathieson and Crane went forward to help him up. The Pathan hit him again as he rose, the lantern striking him on the shoulder, the flame extinguished in an oily gush of smoke that exploded in his face, half-blinding him.

He staggered about the corridor, groping, repeating savagely, over and over again: "There are no women, there are no women. You're drunk. Get out! Get out!"

Half-blinded, he fell down again. He stretched out his hands; in the act of falling he struck his face against the door. His hands grasped the heavy brass knob of the door as he fell and the door opened under his weight, pitching him across the threshold. A woman began screaming and four Pathans surged in a spectral and savage rush through the opened door, yelling and laughing, trampling across the body of the priest, crushing each other in a wild rush to break through to the ward.

Crane came to life in panic, Colonel Mathieson, he saw, was lying on the floor trying to shield the priest with his body. In that moment he heard the shrill, repeated blast of a whistle on the terrace outside and the noise of a truck engine starting up.

The returning rush of the four Pathans knocked him down. He heard the English-speaking voice shout: "We come back!" and a second later four pairs of feet trampled across him, leaving him like the remnant of some crazy and half-theatrical football scrum, alone with Colonel Mathieson and Father Simpson on the floor.

To be continued next week

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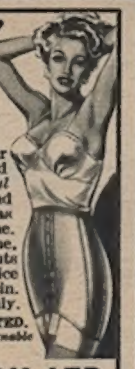

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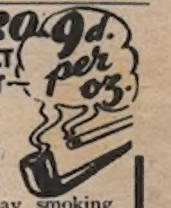

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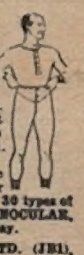

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